MARY JANE IN CANADA

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

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Happy Birthday
To Jean
From Jeannette

The harbor of Quebec came into view and the girls saw the old fort, perched high upon the rocky shore.

MARY JANE IN CANADA

BY

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"THE MARY JANE SERIES," "THE JUNIOR COOK BOOK"

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PUBLISHERS

BARSE & HOPKINS

NEW YORK, N. Y. NEWARK, N. J.

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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MARY JANE IN CANADA

PLANS FOR THE PAGEANT

WHEN Mr. Merrill proposed the Canadian trip on that March evening, Mary Jane thought it would be a long, long time till summer. But it wasn't long at all! You see, she didn't realize how quickly days slip by when a little girl is as busy and happy as she was all the time.

First there was school, for since Mary Jane had moved to Chicago and made so many friends near her pleasant home on the south side, she loved going to school quite as much as anything she did.

Then there were the happy Saturdays; for Mary Jane's father, mother and sister Alice, who was getting most old enough for high school these days, used to go places together and have

wonderfully good times. And think of the places one may go in Chicago! Parks, where skating, coasting and walking are as much fun in winter as boating, swimming and walking are in summer; galleries of beautiful pictures, theaters, to say nothing of visiting friends in some other part of the city—Mary Jane liked that for she loved to ride on the elevated.

All these and many other things the Merrills did and Mary Jane could hardly have told you which sort of good times she liked best, there were so many.

Mary Jane had taken a good many trips down south, when she and Alice had such a beautiful time exploring the wonders of Florida, east when they went to see her uncle graduate from Harvard University, to the country many times to visit her grandfather and grandmother; but of all the places she knew, Chicago seemed much the nicest for it was the place she had the most fun. You know how it is yourself, you like to go to visit, but you like home best.

So with so many things to do, it's no wonder days slipped by and first thing Mary Jane knew it was May, and Miss Montrow (she was Mary Jane's teacher) was planning the program for the last week of school.

"You may put away your books," said the teacher on a Friday afternoon in May, "and we will talk about a pageant."

Now the children in that room hadn't heard a single thing about any pageant so the air fairly hummed with curiosity as spellers were tucked in desks, pens put in cases and extra papers put in note books. Then, as soon as every desk was in order, Miss Montrow told them the plan.

"The seventh and eighth grades have been studying several Shakespearean plays this year," she began, "and so at a teachers' meeting the other day, we decided that it would be nice to have a pageant in Jackson park on a Friday afternoon in June. Each room will represent a certain play and we will parade from the entrance where we meet, down through the gardens

in the Wooded Island and back up to the old Art Building. There the Eighth grade will act some scenes they are preparing; we will all sing some songs and the pageant will end."

The children clapped their hands and began to ask questions but Miss Montrow smilingly refused to talk any more about it.

"I want you to remember the date, the third Friday in June," she said. "That is the last week of regular school. By next week, we teachers will have all the plans worked out and then I can tell you more about it."

Then she read them a little about Shakespeare, where he lived and what sort of man he was thought to have been; she showed them pictures of his home and of famous actors who have acted his plays. The children thought it very interesting, the more so because they were wondering what play they might represent and how much fun the costumes would be.

Mary Jane skipped home in a hurry to tell her mother as much as she knew of the fun

ahead. And of course she told her father too, when he came home for dinner.

To her surprise he got out his date book first thing and marked down the third Friday.

"That's just what I have been waiting for," he announced when she had finished, "We want to take our trip to Canada early in the season—first, because the boats are less crowded then and second, because you want to have plenty of the summer left for visiting grandmother and living in your country house. I don't know what sort of a garden you can have, Pussy, when you go gadding around over the country like this!"

"But we're going out to put in the seeds to-morrow," Mary Jane reminded him.

"To be sure we are," he replied, "and high time they were in, with all this warm sunshine we've had for two days. We'll put them in and then hope that the rain waters the flowers and not the weeds while we do pageants and trips, young lady!"

So all day Saturday and Sunday Mary Jane

helped make garden. She raked and she hoed; she dropped seeds in tiny little rows and she covered them neatly with the earth that was so mellow and warm in the hot May sunshine. Of course Mary Jane liked a flower garden best, who doesn't? But she thought the vegetable seeds much the most fun to plant. Flowers seeds are mostly so tiny that a breath of wind could blow them quite out of a person's hand. But vegetable seeds can be counted and planted just so. She and Alice between them put in corn and beans of three sorts, also beets and carrots, while Mrs. Merrill did the lettuce and planted the tomato and cabbage plants. Mr. Merrill was kept pretty busy making the seed trenches and such heavier work.

But all the time they were working in the garden or slipping off for a few minutes' sight of the lovely wild flowers in the woods so close at hand, Mary Jane was thinking over, in the back of her mind, what Miss Montrow had said about the pageant.

"What do you think you are going to be, Alice?" she asked, as the first row of bantam corn was covered up.

"I think I'll be a Venetian lady," replied Alice, proudly, "because our room is doing the *Merchant of Venice*. Don't you know, Mary Jane, how we've read that play and studied all about it? Well, then, of course it's the one our room will have."

"But we haven't studied any," said Mary Jane, disappointedly.

"Neither have any of the other rooms except the Seventh and Eighth," said Alice, "so don't you worry a minute about that, dear. I know Miss Montrow will tell you all about it. I think you'll have something pretty for I heard some teachers talking in a hall yesterday and they said they were choosing plays that had good costumes for everybody, so there."

Mary Jane was much pleased to hear about that, for she loved a pretty costume and thought

it the greatest of fun to dress up. So the planting continued without a bit of worry.

Monday morning the children were all on time for Miss Montrow had told them she might —just *might* tell them about it then. And sure enough, she did.

"Our room is to represent the play called *King Henry, the VIII,*" she announced first thing. "And that means that we will dress in the sort of costumes the books call Elizabethan. You girls will look very pretty with your long, long white garments over which you may have plain straight dresses of any pale color you like. Tell your mothers to come here after recess on Wednesday and I will have pictures and directions for them to study. And tell them that dresses are to be of muslin and cambric and will be very easy indeed to make." Then she told the children something of the story of the play and of the people who lived at that time.

When Mary Jane took the message home that

noon, Mrs. Merrill was as pleased as were the two girls.

"You may be sure I'll come on Wednesday and you shall have the prettiest costume I can make. Yes," she added, laughing, when she saw a question in Mary Jane's eyes, "you shall have it blue, as pale as Miss Montrow advises."

When Mr. Merrill sat down to dinner that evening, Mary Jane told him about the plans, too.

"We go to school same as always that Friday morning," she said. "Then we come home and dress for the pageant, and at two o'clock we meet at the Fifty-seventh Street entrance of the park. Miss Montrow thought that was the nearest for everybody. Then we march—and Daddah, you must come and see it, 'cause Alice and I both are going to march, we are."

"And I'll want to be coming out early that afternoon anyway to pack my bag," added Mr. Merrill, with an air of indifference but a very plain twinkle in his eyes.

"Now you're not going away that day, Daddah!" exclaimed Alice, in dismay.

"Why, yes, I thought I would," said Mr. Merrill, very seriously.

"But it's the pageant," objected Mary Jane. And just then she spied the twinkle. "You're not going till *after* the pageant!" she cried, happily.

"And I had some thoughts of taking you along," added her father, "unless, of course, you simply must stay for those last four days of school."

"Daddah!" said Alice, scornfully, "when I've told you that no one takes examinations except those whose daily marks are bad—and you know ours are good."

"Indeed I do," replied Mr. Merrill, proudly, "and I'm so proud of it that I'm willing to take you anywhere and have folks see you are my daughter—so there, Miss-near-high-school. Yes, joking aside, girlies, I know your work is good and as I find it is better for me to get away in June than to wait for July, we shall go the very

evening of the pageant. The train leaves at ten in the evening, so it will not hurry you too much."

Well, perhaps, it did not hurry *too* much, but certain it is that no one in the Merrill family had many idle minutes from then till the third Friday in June. First the costumes were made; Mary Jane's was of cream white muslin in a straight slip down to touch the ground. Over that was a straight dress of pale blue trimmed around the bottom with a design stenciled on in gold. Braided blue cloth made the girdle and with the girdle was a bag of blue, stenciled in gold, to match. She was to wear her hair loose with a band of blue and gold to draw it back from her face.

Alice's dress was lavender, stenciled in gold and with bright colors painted on to represent jewels embroidered in the dress. One bright sunny Saturday morning, after both dresses were ready, Ed Holden took a picture of the two girls standing down in the Holden yard. That was

fun, for everyone around came out to see and to hear about the pageant that was to be.

Between times of making costumes, Mrs. Merrill made frocks for the trip and twice she and Alice went out to see that the garden was doing well. Mary Jane didn't go for she could stay and play with Betty and not get too tired.

"Suppose, it rains when we have the pageant," suggested Betty, on one of those days.

"Suppose, it doesn't," laughed Mary Jane.

"Suppose, you have to go to Canada a day earlier and miss it all," suggested Betty, who seemed to be in a mood for horrors.

"Pooh! My Daddah won't do that!" replied Mary Jane, comfortably, "we're not going till ten o'clock that night."

"Suppose, you are sick and can't go to Caada," said Betty, in a perverse mood.

"Betty Holden!" said Mary Jane, crossly, "I'm not going to suppose any more this day! I'm going upstairs to get my doll and we'll play house." And off she dashed up the back stairs

so quickly that she didn't even notice the broom she had left there not three minutes before. She stumbled and fell down, down the stairs with a bump on every step and a queer numb feeling in her right arm.

CROSSING THE DETROIT RIVER

FOR a minute Mary Jane kept her eyes shut and didn't think at all. Seemed as though she couldn't for she was all bump. Then she opened her eyes and saw Betty, and felt her numb arm—and began to talk.

"Betty Holden!" she exclaimed, "that was all because you were playing that silly 'suppose' game! I can walk up those stairs or run up, either, just as well as anybody and now I'm going to, so there!"

All the part of her that her New England grandmother would have called 'spunk' was up in arms over such a silly fall down stairs as she had had. She stood on her two feet (a little shaky, but never mind): she rubbed her numb elbow till the numbness went away and then she turned around and walked up those back stairs

just as straight and dignified as a grown person.

"There now!" she called from the second floor, "I did it!"

Betty didn't say a word. Most little girls she knew would have lain there on the stairs crying till mothers and aunts or anyone within hearing would have dashed out to see what was the matter. But you never could quite tell what Mary Jane was going to do—and of course that made her all the more fun to play with, Betty knew that.

"Want a cookie and an orange?" called Mary Jane, in her usual good-natured voice. Betty did, so the two friends sat on the back steps for their feast. Then they played dolls till Mr. Merrill came home and called Mary Jane to help start dinner in order to surprise Alice and Mrs. Merrill when they arrived.

Finally the costumes were pressed and ready, the country garden was inspected for the last time in June, the suitcases were dusted off and

packed and the third Friday in June arrived, sunny and warm.

Such a busy household as Mary Jane did live in that day! First she took her bath and brushed her hair. Then she packed her toilet bag—all but the tooth brush and hair brush and comb which she would need to use later. Now that she was such a big girl, she had a little toilet case of her own for traveling. Then she could go to the dressing room without bothering a soul—that's one advantage of being older than five, you see.

Breakfast was very informal for both girls were far too excited to be very hungry and Mr. Merrill had to hurry to the office to finish his work. By eight o'clock the dishes were washed and beds made up neatly and the girls were on their way to school; they had to go early because they must clean out their desks and get all their belongings in order to take home at noon.

Not very much work was done in that room during the forenoon—that is if you call work

reading or spelling. But everyone was busy as could be with the pageant—only that *seemed* to be just fun. Dick and two other boys finished the banner they were to carry. It was made of white cambric and in letters of black and gold had the words "Henry, VIII" printed across it. No wonder the boys were proud of that lettering for they had measured and measured so that every line would be perfect.

The girls made smaller banners to be carried by children who represented the characters in the play and then when all that work was finished, they practiced marching together so that each person's costume would show well. It's much harder to march with space between each child, than it is to march close together so Miss Montrow finally took them down to the yard to practice till they could do it beautifully.

By that time the bell rang for lunch and Mary Jane grabbed her books, papers and pencil box and hurried home. Miss Montrow had promised to mail her the report card the next week.

Knowing there would be many things to do, Mrs. Merrill had sandwiches ready for the girls; so before they had time to say they were not hungry she had them sitting down on the cool balcony, eating ham, lettuce and jam sandwiches and drinking milk. Fortunately nobody had time to count how many Mary Jane ate so she kept right along till the sandwich basket was empty.

"Oh, mother, doesn't it look pretty!" she exclaimed, a few minutes later as she hurried into her room for there, freshly pressed and spread out on the bed was her costume, all ready to put on.

"It surely does," said Mrs. Merrill, "and now you have a whole half an hour so you are going to lie down on the bed right by it—and lie real still so as not to muss it; and then, in half an hour, I'll call you to dress and off to the park you go."

"But I can't go to sleep, mother," objected Mary Jane.

"Who said anything about sleep?" asked Mrs.

Merrill, as she lowered the shade. "You lie still and shut your eyes and that's all." And she went out and shut the door.

Mary Jane couldn't shut her eyes at once. She looked at her dress, ran her finger along the braided girdle, traced a bit of the gold design on the skirt and pulled the cord of the bag. But she was awfully tired from working so hard on that marching and it seemed good to stretch out and keep still—so she shut her eyes——

"Half hour's up, time to dress, dear!" just that quick it seemed, the call came. But there had been time enough to get rested, oh yes, plenty.

Alice was almost dressed and very soon Mary Jane was ready, and they set out for the park.

It certainly didn't seem like Chicago for the streets were full of ladies and gentlemen from old, old England and from Venice, for when five hundred or more girls and boys dress up for a pageant, it makes a neighborhood seem very gay. But Alice and Mary Jane found their own room-

mates very quickly and right on time the pageant parade started.

From then on Mary Jane couldn't surely remember what happened. She walked and walked. Through the rose gardens on Wooded Island; around by the little golf links and up on the promenade by Lake Michigan till, by the time they reached the grassy lot in front of the old art building, she was quite ready to sit down and rest. But no, they stood and sang; then stood and watched the play; then just stood, till the children's feet ached even though their costumes were pretty.

Then, when she had just about given up hope of ever sitting down again, a bugle blew, the pageant was over. Her father and mother were there to take her home and she wasn't tired a bit but could run along telling them all about it.

"Well, now, if the Shakespearean lady can eat some dinner and finish packing her bag, a taxi will call for her at seven thirty," said Mr. Merrill.

"But Daddah," exclaimed Alice, "you said the train didn't go till ten."

"And it doesn't," agreed her father, "but I find we can get into our car at 8:15 and if you young ladies are going to enjoy your day in Detroit to-morrow, you must have a good sleep to-night."

So promptly at 8:15 they stepped into their Pullman car and Mary Jane went to bed in "Lower Seven"—Alice being older, was considered less likely to roll out in the night so she had the honor of sleeping up above.

The day in Detroit passed quickly. Mrs. Merrill and the two girls took a long, long automobile ride and had lunch at a pretty shop. Then they rode on the ferry until time to meet Mr. Merrill and have dinner at the Casino on beautiful Belle Island. For a long time they lingered at their table watching the boats on the river and listening to the music and laughter that came from canoeing parties paddling up and down the tiny canals that cut through the island.

"Now when that big steamer passes," said Mr. Merrill, after the girls had counted lights for an hour, "we must go."

An hour and a half later, bags and coats were being stowed into berths on the train that was to take the Merrill family to Toronto.

"No, don't undress yet, dear," said Mrs. Merrill, as she saw Mary Jane was about to pull her curtains shut, "the train will start in fifteen minutes and we want you to see how we get across that great river."

"The one that had the island in it—where we just had our dinner?" asked Mary Jane, in surprise.

"The very same," replied her mother.

"But I didn't see any bridge," said Mary Jane.

"Good reason!" laughed Mr. Merrill, as he led her to a seat in the drawing room, "there isn't any. Oh, of course there is the bridge to the island, but there isn't any clear across."

"Then how do trains get over?" asked Alice.

"Some go in a tunnel and some on a boat,"

replied her father. "We happen to be going on the boat. There we are, now watch! We're off!"

There was a quiver and the train began to move. Alice and Mary Jane watched from the window but there wasn't much to see. The train pulled out of the station, then it started and stopped and backed and bumped.

"It acts as though it didn't know what to do," suggested Mary Jane, after she had peered into the gloom in vain. "I wish it was moonlight, then we could see."

"It's clear starlight and you can easily see when we get out onto the river," said Mr. Merrill. "There," he added as the train took on a curious motion, "we're off! Come and we'll see if the porter will let us explore."

The girls stood in the vestibule while Mr. Merrill hunted the porter. There certainly was nothing to show that they were on a boat. Cars and tracks and more cars were all that could be seen. But in a minute the porter opened the car and helped them down the steps. A walk

along the length of their own car took but a minute and then they turned to look—right out across the water! Not even a side to the boat was between them and the river. Their car stood on a track that was so slick it shone and sparkled in the starlight; a track that lay clear up to the tip edge of the boat and then—just stopped! Mary Jane fairly held her breath, she was so afraid something would wiggle the car and off it would slide into the river—her traveling bag and coat with it.

"You girls sit here on this box," said Mr. Merrill, "while I get your mother," and he walked away just as Mary Jane was going to ask about the car sliding off.

"Look, Alice," she cried, "our car could slide off into the water as well as not—what's to keep it from going? Somebody ought to put a stone there on the track to make it stay on."

"Maybe the ferry doesn't tip enough to slide it off," suggested Alice, but for all that, though, it did seem to Alice that the cars were in a very

dangerous way. "Daddah said boats that are built for ferries are very steady going."

"All the same," said Mary Jane, with sudden positiveness, "I'm going to fix *our* car, so there!"

She climbed down from her box and hunted around for something to put under the wheels. It wasn't so easy for apparently there are not many stones or boards on a ferry. After a couple of minutes' hunt, she spied a two-foot length of heavy pipe.

"You help me and we'll put this between the wheels," said Mary Jane, in her most determined voice. "Pipe is pretty slick, but if we put it between wheels, it might help."

Pipe was pretty heavy as well as slick and it took hard lifting to carry it over and place it between the back wheels of the heavy Pullman car. The girls were brushing off their soiled hands and planning to tell their father what they had done when there was a shrill whistle, a flash of lights, a cry of the captain, and with a

lurch the great ferry turned sharply from its course.

The girls looked off into the night and there, so close to the ferry it was startling, was a tiny boat without a sign of a light—the ferry had just barely missed hitting the little tramp craft.

The conductor and the porter, as well as Mr. Merrill hurried up to assure the girls that nothing had happened and nothing would.

"I was afraid you might worry about your car running off, little lady," said the conductor, "folks mostly do."

"Yes, we did at first," admitted Mary Jane, frankly, "then Alice and I, we fixed it so it couldn't roll and then we knew we were safe."

She showed the men the pipe, placed so carefully between the wheels.

"I certainly am glad you showed me," said the conductor, heartily, "for no telling what might have happened to the car as we tried to back off with that thing in there."

"Now you just let me show you how safe you really were without that, little girl," he added. He proceeded to show them the locks that clamped and held each car fast in its place on the track.

"You see," he said, "how safe they are without pipes or stones, so now will you mind letting me take out the pipe? And, porter, if you have any more young ladies with bright ideas who get out to watch us cross, better take a look at your tracks."

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, "all aboard, sir! We here are at Windsor."

So Mary Jane, a bit crestfallen at the failure of her first adventure in railroading, climbed back on the car and went to bed.

But before she was undressed, the conductor came in to tell her good night so she didn't need to feel badly after all. She tucked her clothes in the hammock—all but her dress which she hung on the coat rack, and then snuggled down to sleep. A person could sleep exactly as sound in

Canada, she found, as in the United States, and she didn't wake up even a minute till her father pulled apart the curtains in the morning sunlight and said, "We'll get into the station in fifteen minutes—can you be ready?"

BREAKFAST IN TORONTO

IT was awfully funny to go to sleep in one country and wake up in another. Mary Jane was sure she would hardly recognize a thing and that Canada must be very, *very* different.

But when she got out of the car, things didn't look so different. To be sure it was a strange station, but there were trains and trunks and porters and everything just as it would be in any station. And everyone seemed just as busy and happy, or busy and worried as at home. Then she happened to look up toward the roof.

"Why, they've a different flag!" she exclaimed, "where's the right one?"

"That *is* the right one," laughed Alice. "That's the flag of Great Britain! Don't you remember you are in the Dominion of Canada?"

Yes, Mary Jane remembered, but some way a different flag looked odd. It looked more queer than she would have thought it would look, oh, very much more queer! But as she looked harder, she saw it wasn't so *awfully* different after all.

"Well, I think it looks fine," she decided. "It's red and white and blue only they put the colors on in a different pattern, that's all. I'm going to like it.

"But where's breakfast, Daddah?"

By way of answering, Mr. Merrill gave all their luggage to two waiting porters, tucked Mary Jane's hand under his arm and, with a request to Mrs. Merrill and Alice to follow, started out of the station and down the street to the right.

"It's such a tiny walk to the hotel," he said, when they had taken a few sniffs of fresh air, "and I knew we'd feel better to stretch our legs so we'll walk instead of riding.

"And here we are! Yes," this last to the doorman, "breakfast for four immediately."

He turned to laugh at Mary Jane for he expected her to exclaim happily at the thought of breakfast but the child wasn't even thinking of breakfast. She was standing on the top step of the entrance stairs, staring as hard as ever she could stare at a little girl about her own age who was sitting curled up in one of the big porch chairs.

And, funny thing, the little girl was staring, too, just as hard as Mary Jane was.

"It's Doris!" cried Mary Jane happily; and with a rush and a kiss she threw her arms around her old, old friend. It wasn't much like Mary Jane to rush at a person like that and for a minute Mr. Merrill didn't quite know what to think. Then, he, too, looked hard and saw the stranger really was Mary Jane's old friend, Doris. For you will remember that a long time ago, before the Merrills moved to the big city of Chicago, Doris Daniels, and her father and

mother, of course, lived right next door to the Merrills and the two tree-shaded yards had no fence in between. Many hours the two girls had played together and it was no wonder Mary Jane was glad to see her friend 'way up here in Canada.

Hardly had the little girls had time to say a word when Mr. and Mrs. Daniels came out to get Doris to take her into breakfast and then there was more reunion, for the whole family, as well as the little girls, had been good friends.

"I wish we were staying here longer," said Mrs. Daniels, "but we go on the early afternoon boat. We're taking the trip down the St. Lawrence."

"Too bad!" laughed Mrs. Merrill, teasingly, "how disappointed those girls will be for we are leaving on the early afternoon boat; we are taking the St. Lawrence trip you see."

"Goody! Goody! Goody!" cried Mary Jane, and she was fairly dancing now in her happy excitement, "maybe we're on the same boat!"

"Let's look and see," suggested Alice, eagerly. So the two fathers got out tickets and looked and there, sure enough, not only were they to go on the same boat but their staterooms were close together—right along on the same side of the deck.

"But you can't eat tickets," laughed Mr. Merrill, as he folded them back into his bill purse, "suppose we have breakfast. I've heard that the ham and eggs here are cooked the best of any place on the trip."

Glad as Mary Jane was to see her old friend, she was hungry, too, and now that she knew Doris was to take the same journey and that they would have plenty of time for fun together, she didn't mind leaving her for breakfast. Mr. Daniels had been in and ordered so theirs was all on their table ready to eat. But the waiter was very prompt and by the time Mary Jane had eaten her dish of luscious raspberries and rich cream, the ham and eggs, biscuits, toast and other good things were there ready to be enjoyed.

Mrs. Merrill liked the marmalade best of anything they had; Mr. Merrill liked the ham; Alice chose the eggs for hers was fried hard and had crisp flutings of lacy, brown crust all around it. Mary Jane tried to pick her favorite thing, too, and finally decided on raspberries, ham, potatoes, toast, marmalade and cocoa.

"But that's everything we had all but the eggs," objected Alice.

"Yes, I know," agreed Mary Jane, as she spread another biscuit crust with a generous helping of marmalade, "everything's my favorite, all but the eggs."

By then the Daniels had finished their breakfast and the two men made plans for the morning. They decided that they would take an automobile together and would ride all over the city that way instead of in the usual sightseeing bus. So in a very short time they were off, Mary Jane and Doris in the front seat by the driver, Alice and the two mothers in back and the two fathers on the middle seats.

There was much to see in that interesting city and no doubt the folks in the back seats saw it all and knew what it was about; but the two little girls in front were not bothered with scenery and history. To be sure the driver showed them a beautiful big private estate where great deer climbed up and down rocky crags; and begged them to look at views and all that. But though they politely looked and noticed each time, they talked right along. Mary Jane told of everything she could think of that had happened since she moved to Chicago; beginning with the pageant and going backwards with the wedding, Dick, Halloween, the country home; the trip east and all the other good times in between. Of course, Doris talked too. She had not been away so much, but she had much to tell.

"All out for luncheon!" announced Mr. Merrill, and the girls looked up to see the hotel where they had had breakfast right there before them.

"But I thought we were going to ride all morning?" exclaimed Mary Jane.

By way of answer, Mr. Merrill held out his watch and she saw it was now half-past twelve—who ever would have guessed it?

"Will I have time to buy some postal cards before luncheon?" asked Alice, eagerly. She had determined to collect cards and she was anxious to begin.

"Plenty of time for everyone will wish to tidy up before we eat," said Mrs. Merrill. "I'll start with Mary Jane and you may go with your father over to that little stand across the street and select what you want, dear."

"But don't be too long so we miss the boat," advised Doris.

"Or luncheon," added Mary Jane, as she followed her mother indoors.

They need not have worried for there was plenty of time. Alice bought her cards, tidied herself ready for luncheon; they took their time over the meal and even then there was time for a

stroll past the little tourist shops and the careful selection of a small souvenir for each girl.

At half-past two they drove down to the wharf where their boat stood awaiting them. Sailing time was at three, and it would be fun to get settled in their staterooms in time to watch the start from the dock.

Mary Jane took off her hat, got out the dark glasses she had brought in her little traveling bag, threw her coat over her arm and went up on deck with her father. It *was* a good thing they had come early for there was much to see. Seated in a chair pulled up close to the side of the boat she watched the loading of freight.

"Wouldn't you think they'd fall in?" she asked in amazement, as the men ran up and down the steep gangplank with never a glance at the deep water on either side.

"Not they," replied Mr. Merrill, "they're used to it. Once in a while something drops in but not men—they're sure footed."

"Well, I'd like to see something fall in," ob-

served Mary Jane, "wouldn't it be exciting to watch them get it out."

"It certainly would," laughed Mr. Merrill and as he looked away to greet Mrs. Merrill and Alice, Mary Jane screamed, "It's gone!"

And sure enough it had! For there in the greasy slimy water of the slip floated a trunk—somebody's trunk that had fallen in from the baggage plank.

Perhaps it was just as well that all the passengers had not as yet come aboard, for everyone who had arrived dashed over to that side of the boat to watch the excitement. As for Mary Jane, she clung to the rail and watched every move the men made.

Quick as could be, oh, much quicker than you can read about it, they got ropes and let down great hooks, *under* the floating trunk. After two or three unsuccessful attempts they brought it up, dripping, and soaked, but safe.

"Take her right up to the deck," ordered the mate, "and open her up. If the owner isn't

there force the lock and get the things out to dry at once."

"I wouldn't like that," said Mary Jane, positively, "somebody opening up my trunk!"

"You'd like it if you had ever seen a trunk that was dropped in and then *not* opened at once," replied Mrs. Merrill. "I remember when I was a little girl my father and mother took me on a boat trip to Lake Erie. In the morning, as we landed at Buffalo, I saw a sight on the deck that I have never forgotten. There, spread out on the deck, were the water-soaked things that had laid all night in a lady's trunk. It had been dropped in the night before, and nobody had told the owner or tended to it and everything was ruined."

So it was with kindly interest Mary Jane watched the dripping trunk as the lid was forced open and the contents, not so wet as she had thought they surely would be, were spread out to dry. But that was not interesting long. People were coming to the boat, crowds of people,

for it was the Sunday boat and many were returning to Rochester, New York, and it kept a little girl busy watching all that was going on.

Pretty soon the pilot climbed up into the wheel house, whirled the great wheel around in place, pressed the button that rang a bell in the engine room and the boat began to tremble.

Just at that minute a little girl about Mary Jane's age ran toward the boat.

"Wait!" she screamed, "wait for my mother!"

The pilot looked down into the face of a little girl who was holding tight in her arms a forlorn little Airedale pup—about as big as a doll.

"Hurry and you'll make it," he said, through his megaphone.

The child ran back towards the automobile that had brought her, grabbed the hand of a woman who was slowly getting out and ran as fast as she could pull the lady toward the gangplank. Behind them a porter carried bags and wraps.

Mary Jane and Doris watched breathlessly—would they make it?

Of course, but the minute they crossed the plank, the whistle blew, the engine went to second speed, ropes were tossed ashore and the "Toronto" was off.

The trip across the lake had begun.

ON BOARD THE "TORONTO"

"FATHER, may I go down and buy some chocolate?" It was Doris's voice and the boat had hardly got out into the harbor before her question was asked.

"Is there any for sale?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes, lots," she assured him. "I saw it as we came up the stairs."

"Well, I wouldn't eat anything before four o'clock," replied her father, carelessly, "you had plenty of luncheon."

Doris was about to ask again when she stopped to hear what Mr. Merrill was saying.

"Oh, by the way, Mary Jane," he said to his daughter, "I forgot to give you your money. And you too, Alice. There is a dollar for each of you and you may spend it any way you like. It is to last you until we reach Quebec on Monday morning."

"Let's see," said Mary Jane, thoughtfully, as she took the clean new bill he handed her, "that's all of to-day and all of to-morrow, isn't it, Daddah?"

"Right you are, said her father, "only I wouldn't really say all of to-day as it is nearly four o'clock now. But it is all of to-day that there is left for spending, anyway. Use it any way you like, dear. You will have another one for Quebec."

"*Now* we can get some candy," said Doris, happily, as she glanced scornfully at her father. For she well remembered Mary Jane's generosity and knew that whatever her friend had she could share a big part.

As for Mr. Daniels, he turned to his friend in surprise. "Don't you know she will make herself sick with candy first thing?"

Mr. Merrill merely chuckled to himself and then said, tersely, "Watch and see." He knew Mr. Daniels didn't know how much Mary Jane had learned about money since they had lived in

Chicago—two years is a long time and a little girl can learn much.

"Maybe we will," said Mary Jane thoughtfully, "but we'll see first." She folded the bill neatly and put it inside her little purse. Then she spread out her two hands on her lap and began to count.

"Grandmother is one and grandpa is two and Betty is three and Miss Montrow is four," she said.

"Who are they?" asked Doris.

"Folks who are going to get picture cards from me," explained Mary Jane, without really stopping her counting, "and Alice said two for five so that makes—ten cents and then the stamps; maybe I'll want more stamps, too, so I'd better say ten cents. That's—" here she waited and carefully counted up twice, "yes, it does, that's twenty cents. And then fifty cents——"

"What's that for?" asked Doris, hoping she would say candy.

"That's to save up so if I want to buy something to take home," said Mary Jane.

"But you're going to have more money Monday," objected Doris.

"Yes, but maybe I'll want a lot," said Mary Jane, grandly. "And if I want it, I want it! I don't like it to be all spent. So," she continued, "that makes seventy cents and thirty cents to spend.

"Maybe we'll want more to-morrow so we can spend ten cents to-day and twenty cents to-morrow. Come one, Doris," she invited, "you pick out something you want for five cents and I'll pick out what I want and we'll buy the cards and stamps, so as to have a longer time to look at the counter."

"How did you do it," said Mr. Daniels, seriously, as the little girls ran toward the wide stairway.

"Oh," laughed Mr. Merrill, "a little at a time. Try it yourself and see how much more

careful Doris is when she has a regular allowance. Mary Jane loves it."

Down in the hold the girls peered over postal cards and finally decided on two of their boat, one of the harbor and one of the lake by moonlight.

"That one is for grandmother, for she likes night pictures," said Mary Jane, as she counted her change, "she told me so, grandmother did.

"Now, *I'm* going to get a chocolate nut bar, what would you like, Doris?"

Doris decided on a box of crackerjack for she was collecting "prizes" so they made their purchases and hurried back to the deck to enjoy them.

Perhaps they would have arrived there safe and sound if Doris had watched where she was walking. But she wasn't watching even a little bit; she was trying to open her crackerjack. And first thing she knew she had stepped on the little Airedale puppy and he howled. She was so frightened she slipped and pushed right

against him till he slipped, too, and went sliding across the smooth, polished deck and—oh, dear! Right straight through the grating in the railing at the side and down into the lake.

Just that quickly. He was so little, you see, he could get through a pretty small place and so young he could not get his balance after Doris knocked against him.

His little mistress, who had seen everything but who was too far away to catch him, screamed, the pilot pressed the botton for "Stop!" and then for "Back!" And the passengers rushed to the rail to see if anything of the poor little puppy was to be seen.

Yes, there he was, so tiny! And so bravely trying to swim while strong currents were taking him further and further away from the great boat.

"Heave a boat!" shouted the captain.

But before his order could be obeyed there was a flutter of something dark and a splash and —a boy was swimming toward the little dog.

His strong, skillful strokes showed he knew how and would be safe.

The captain recognized him and so did Mary Jane. He was the errand boy at the candy counter. Probably he was just looking out of the doorway down below when the dog went overboard. Could he reach the little dog? Oh, certainly. He grabbed him by the back of the neck, pulled him close and started back to the boat.

Two of the men, deck hands, dropped over a rope and, clinging to it, the boy and the dog were pulled aboard. The bell rang its pleasant message, "All safe! Go ahead!" The little dog gave himself a shake that showered the deck and everybody started laughing and talking at once.

Mr. Daniels hunted up the little girl who owned the dog to make apologies for Doris.

"Oh, don't you mind," she said comfortably, "he's always getting under somebody's feet. That's the reason we named him Ripples—'cause he ripples all over so."

The deck hands, dropped over a rope and the boy and the dog were pulled aboard.

"But perhaps you will be good enough to give that nice boy this," said the little girl's mother, "and tell him of my appreciation."

"And give him this, too," said someone near.

"And this," added another, till, the first thing Mr. Daniels knew he was holding fifty dollars that was to be given to the errand boy.

"He didn't want to take it," Mr. Daniels reported a couple of minutes later, "but we told him he must so he sent up a 'thank you' to you all."

So, with all that unusual excitement, perhaps it is no wonder that the candy counter did a rushing business for the rest of the afternoon.

Ripple's mistress gave him a good brisk rub and then had him lie down in the sunshine while she visited with Mary Jane and Doris.

They shared the chocolate and crackerjack and found out each other's names. The little stranger was Edith Kent of Cleveland. She and her mother and father were motoring, but as Mr. Kent was telegraphed for on business,

Mrs. Kent and Edith were going on to Montreal by boat, where he would meet them later. The three girls seemed to be having a very good time. When Ripples was dry they thought they would like to explore the boat, so under the escort of Mr. Merrill and Alice they made the trip.

Upstairs, downstairs and in the cook's chamber they went. And if there was anything they did not see, you may be sure it wasn't worth seeing. The engineer smiled at them and showed them which bell had rung when Ripples tumbled into the lake. The baggage man smiled at them. He let them peep at the piled up trunks and the packed together motor cars. The head waiter in the dining room let them come in and pick out tables by the windows for their family —Kents, Daniels and Merrills. But the cook was the best of all for he not only smiled but told them to help themselves. He passed out cookies and strawberries—great big lovely strawberries as big as eggs Mary Jane insisted, or at least nearly!

By the time they got back on deck, it was six o'clock and Mrs. Merrill announced that they must wash and change for dinner.

Mary Jane loved their stateroom. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill had one; Mary Jane and Alice had one right next door, with a little washstand, a camp chair and two berths all their own. She took off her traveling dress and hung it on a rack. Then she carefully washed her hands and arms. Then, with fresh water, washed her face and neck.

"There now!" she said, as she proudly inspected herself in the tiny mirror, "I guess that's every bit as good as a grown up person could do."

Brushing her hair was easy and so was slipping into the fresh dress her mother had laid out on the bed. In no time she was tidy and ready for the dining room. Of course, Alice had to primp, too, so Mary Jane sat on the bed to talk while Alice took her turn at the washstand and then the two girls tapped on their mother's door.

You can just believe that dinner tasted good. From the dining room they could see the sun as it slipped down, down, down, toward the water. They looked in vain for land—they were by this time way, way out on the great lake; not even a tiny strip of land marked the place in the skyline that had been Toronto.

After dinner they visited and played on deck till the sun dipped down into the lake—that was pretty late on a June evening, you know, and then, as the darkness gathered over the water, Mary Jane went to bed. She didn't mind a bit for she liked to sleep in a berth for she knew she would love hearing the splash, splash of the water and the thump, thump of the engines.

A long time afterward, Mary Jane didn't know what time it was, but it was after Alice's bed time for sister was asleep in her upper berth, Mary Jane was awakened by a noise. Not the water. Not the engine. What could it be? A gentle scratch, scratch at the door—— In a flash Mary Jane was out of bed and had the door open.

Yes, it was! There in the deck passage stood Ripples, shivering, shaking and not very sure on his feet. The staterooms were dark—it must be the middle of the night. The water was black, even in the starlight, and not a sound of a person was to be heard.

What was a little girl to do? She picked up the dog to hold him close and warm against her, as she thought. And then, barefoot and in her nightie, she stepped out onto the deck.

THROUGH THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

"NOBODY allowed on this deck after eleven P. M.," said a firm voice.

Mary Jane crouched back into the shadow of a pillar that supported the upper deck and waited breathlessly.

Footsteps tramped along the upper deck, paused a minute and then again the voice spoke out.

"Say, there, little girl, what you doing around this time of night?" it asked.

Mary Jane looked up from her hiding place into the eyes of a deck hand. Probably he really was just an ordinary man but he certainly looked big to Mary Jane as she peered at him from the shadows.

"I'm trying to take Ripples to where he belongs," she explained.

"Well, you're not supposed to walk along the deck now, miss," said the man, respectfully. "It's two o'clock at night. Where is this 'Ripples' person anyway and who is he?"

"He's right here in my arms," said Mary Jane; "he's a dog, Edith's dog."

"Not the one that fell over?" asked the man.

"Yes, he did," replied Mary Jane, much relieved to discover that the man knew something about the dog. "He fell over and now he's lost. I don't know where Edith's room is. It's somewhere on the other side, but I don't know where, or how to get there in the dark."

"Wait a minute," said the man, in a low voice so as not to awaken sleeping passengers. Then, sooner than a minute, he climbed down the companion ladder—and there he was, only two or three steps away.

"I'll keep him till morning, miss," he said, as he took the little dog from Mary Jane, "don't you worry any more about him."

Mary Jane was glad enough to creep back

into her room. Of course, she wasn't afraid because she knew there wasn't anything to be afraid *of,* but all the same the lake looked very big and dark. The boat was very big and still so it was nice to tumble in the berth and snuggle under the blankets, for even in summer, the middle of the night is cool on the lake. Alice's regular breathing told that she hadn't even stirred.

"My, oh, my, think of sleeping like that!" Mary Jane laughed to herself at the very idea, but in a few minutes she, too, was asleep and did not awaken till her mother spoke twice and pounded hard on the partition.

"Hurry and dress, girlies," she called, "for we are in the Thousand Islands and you will love seeing them."

"The Thousand Islands!" said Mary Jane, sleepily.

"Yes, you remember, Mary Jane," said Alice, as she sat up in bed, "there's one of them now—look!"

Mary Jane hopped from bed to look out of the window. There, in the morning sunshine, was an island, little, round and wooded—a regular fairy story island, just the sort everyone dreams of having for his very own some day.

"Oh, I know," cried the little girl, happily, "Daddah showed us the picture a long time ago. There are lots of them! Let's hurry in order not to miss any!"

Dressing was a scramble. First Mary Jane stood at the window to watch for islands so none would be missed; then Alice took her turn, while Mary Jane dressed, washed and combed in record breaking time after which they dashed up on deck to find their father awaiting them.

He reminded them that they could still count islands while eating, so they went down to the dining room. If their table hadn't been near the window, it's hard to guess what they would have done, for, hungry as she was, Mary Jane just couldn't bear to miss a single one of those islands!

After breakfast the two girls went up to the very front of the top deck. There Doris and Edith found them a little later. Edith held Ripples tightly in her arms.

"Aren't you afraid you'll hurt him, holding him so tightly?" asked Alice.

"Maybe," replied Edith, "but he's such a runaway person! In the night he slipped out of my door when it was open only the least crack and the watchman brought him back—he said a lady found him."

Mary Jane giggled right out—she couldn't help it!

"Why, Mary Jane!" exclaimed Alice in surprise, "I wouldn't think you'd laugh because Ripples ran away and a lady found him. I don't think that's nice!"

"That's not what I'm laughing at," replied Mary Jane, "I'm laughing 'cause he said a lady found him and I'm only just a little girl."

"But you didn't find him," said Doris, with an air of serious correction.

"You were asleep," laughed Mary Jane, "so you didn't see. He came to my door and scratched so I found him. The watchman took him, so there. Wasn't he a nice person to think I was a lady, though?"

But at that very minute there came into view the very prettiest island of all. On the water's edge there was a dock upon which stood a little girl about the age of Mary Jane and Doris. She held a white flag in her hand and as the great boat drew near she waved the flag furiously.

"She's trying to tell us something!" cried Mary Jane, as she sprang to her feet and leaned out over the side of the boat. "That's a signal, that is."

The girls looked around for advice but, as it happened, not a grown up person was near.

"I'm going to tell the captain," called Mary Jane. Without giving anyone a chance to stop her, she dashed up the stairway that was plainly marked "Passengers not allowed here." Up the

stairs and straight into the pilot house where the captain himself was standing.

"She's trying to tell you something," cried Mary Jane, as she pointed earnestly to where the little girl waved. The boat was almost abreast the island by this time and as they looked down the little girl seemed small indeed as she waved and waved the white banner.

"She's just playing," said the pilot, as he took his eyes, for a brief minute, from the way ahead to look down.

"Little girls don't wave so hard when they play," announced Mary Jane, positively; "if you were a little girl you would know. She wants to tell you something."

The captain wasn't so sure, but he took down his great megaphone and called through it, "What do you want?"

If the little girl had only had a megaphone for her reply, it would have been easy enough, but of course she hadn't. She cupped her hands together and called as loudly as she could, "———

sick!" It was all a blur of sound except that one last word but that was enough.

The captain pushed the button, the engine stopped quietly as the great boat slowed down. Then with quick orders the little boat was launched from the side so that the mate with the ship's doctor could row the short distance to shore. The "Toronto" had a very fast schedule, but she could be late when there was illness. For ten minutes the boat drifted in the breeze and then the mate came back alone.

"The mother is very ill, but the doctor says that if he stays there now he can pull her through. You are to go ahead without him," he reported. "But it's a lucky thing you saw the little girl—she had been there all morning and no one else paid any attention to her, she said."

The captain looked around hastily. There, nearby, were the four girls. Mary Jane had gone back to her friends.

"Perhaps you little ladies would like to sit up on my private deck," he suggested, as he

stepped toward them. "Seems to me a little girl who helps a captain ought to be able to bring her friends onto the captain's deck. You may stay all morning."

So that was why, when Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Kent came on deck a few minutes later, they found the four girls installed in state in the very best part of the boat.

"We're helping the captain," shouted Doris.

"We're going to stay till noon, too," added Alice.

If she had realized how long noon would be, of course, she might not have made so reckless a promise, but it did seem a pity—when everyone on the boat *wanted* to sit on the captain's deck—to waste a minute. So even though legs got pretty stiff and the girls remembered the chocolate counter downstairs they sat there for a couple of hours.

Island after island they passed by. They saw great houses and little cabins; elaborate boat houses and tiny little piers; all kinds of boats,

houses and folks there were. It was great fun to pick out the places where one would rather live.

But after a while there were not so many islands; Alexandria Bay was long since passed and the "Toronto" was running well on the north side of the wide river when a porter appeared on the main deck and called "Prescott in half an hour! All out at Prescott!"

"But we aren't in Montreal yet!" exclaimed Mary Jane, in amazement. "I know my Daddah said we wouldn't get there till dinner time to-night. What do we want to get off the boat for now?"

The captain had gone downstairs; the pilot was too busy steering the boat to answer questions and anyway there was a sign which said, "Please do not speak to the pilot," so one could hardly disobey an order as plain as that.

"Where's my father?" asked Doris, as she peered over the rail to the lower deck.

"Where's ours?" demanded Alice.

"My mother ought to watch me better," said Edith, much disappointed that her mother was not to be seen.

Of course they might go down to the other deck, but once there, they might not get back again and that surely would be too bad.

Just when they were getting truly anxious, Mr. Merrill appeared, with luggage and coats.

"We're not going!" cried Mary Jane, as she made a wild dash for the companionway, with the three girls close at her heels.

No, they had not come to Montreal yet, Mr. Merrill explained, but they were now close to the rapids and at Prescott all passengers changed to a smaller boat for greater safety as they traveled through the rapids.

Now if that wasn't exciting, what could be? The girls scrambled for wraps; Edith found Ripples who had been locked in her cabin for safe keeping and made ready for landing. There wasn't much time lost; the boat, "Rapids King," was waiting for them at the dock at Prescott and

in a very few minutes, passengers and luggage were changed and the smaller boat made loose. The journey to the Rapids began.

Just what that was going to be the girls had not the faintest idea, but they meant to enjoy it, whatever it was. So they put wraps in cabins and assembled on the deck in time to see the crests of foam ahead—the Galops Rapids.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

"I KNOW what it's going to be like," confided Mary Jane, as she and Doris hugged close to the rail in the front of the boat, "it's going to be like going over Niagara Falls."

"Oh, my, oh, my!" cried Doris, "then I want to get off."

"It can't be that way," laughed Alice, "a boat couldn't make that trip. Why, Mary Jane, don't you remember the rapids we saw down below the falls?"

Mary Jane thought a minute.

"Where the water hurried round and round and round?" she asked.

"The very place," agreed Alice, "well, those were rapids. These rapids we are coming to are like that, only there are fields and meadows on each side instead of the rocks along the Niagara

River. I asked Daddah as we came on board and that's what he said."

The girls peered ahead as the boat drew nearer the foaming water. So far the St. Lawrence had seemed so quiet and still that the crests of foam before them were very noticeable. Their eyes were so intent ahead that they did not notice the foam near by.

Suddenly the boat gave a lurch—Edith lost her footing and fell against Doris, and the others, even though they did not fall, nearly lost their balance.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Edith, as she scrambled up.

They looked out across the water, but nothing seemed to be happening. The water was foaming and bubbling, but they couldn't understand why that made the boat rock and toss so much. Mr. Merrill came up just then bringing a chair with him so the girls asked him to tell them. It didn't take long to explain that rapids were caused by water running over rocks that

made sort of a low, spread-out waterfall and that the captain must know where every rock is; every single one, and must sometimes turn the boat very sharply to keep in the channel around them.

"When the boat turned a minute ago," he added, "it was because he had to swing us around quickly. See that great rock sticking out over there?" He pointed off to the north of the boat where they could see the rock they had passed so close by, as plain as could be, now that they were on this side of it.

But now people began to open lunch boxes. Many who were not going so far as were the Merrills had carried lunches in order to eat up on deck and miss no part of the scenery. Others bought sandwiches and coffee from the steward boys, but Mr. Merrill had thoughtfully engaged tables by the windows so they could enjoy the scenery and good hot food at the same time.

After the Galops Rapids were passed, the boat went through another smaller set and then Mr.

Merrill suggested that they eat at once in order to be nearly through before the Long Sault Rapids were reached because those were some of the roughest of all.

Mary Jane and Alice, always hungry when traveling, hurried to wash their hands and tidied their hair, then they went in to luncheon. For a while they watched out of the window very carefully, but there was nothing to see but farms, lighthouses and an occasional island, so pretty soon they paid no attention to the window but enjoyed their fried chicken and fritters with undivided attention.

"Now what are you going to have for dessert?" asked Mr. Merrill, later.

"I know!" laughed Mary Jane, "I decided when you read it the first time. I'm going to have apple pie à la mode, I am."

"And I, cherry pie à la mode," said Alice, as her father looked toward her. "That's my favorite dessert—or anyway, one of them."

Mr. Merrill gave the orders and added a glass

of milk for each girl. Very promptly the waiter came back with the loaded tray. Ice cream and coffee for Mrs. Merrill; apple pie with cheese for Mr. Merrill; Alice's cherry pie à la mode—and exceedingly good it looked, too; and apple pie with its crown of ice cream for Mary Jane—she could see it on the tray, even though hers was the last to be served.

With a glass of milk in one hand and the dessert in the other, the waiter turned to serve Mary Jane—just then the boat tipped far to one side and *down* went the food in a goo-y smash—right in Mary Jane's lap!

"Ugh! It's cold and it's wet!" screamed Mary Jane, before she had time to even remember her manners.

Instantly everyone in the dining room looked their way to see a little girl standing up to have the ice cream, pie and milk scraped off her dress.

Of course that ended luncheon. Mrs. Merrill went with Mary Jane to change her frock; Alice

wondered anxiously what she ought to do but Mr. Merrill settled that by saying, "we will all go on deck. Probably you don't care much for your dessert, dear."

Alice didn't have a chance to answer (which perhaps was just as well, for what little girl wouldn't care for cherry pie à la mode?) The waiter said, "please, sir, let me carry your dessert to the deck. It was my fault and I'll make it up to you."

Mr. Merrill went ahead and found four chairs—it wasn't so hard now as many people were standing to watch the Long Sault Rapids. Alice sat down with her dessert plate held firmly in her lap.

"Don't wait for mother and Mary Jane," suggested her father. "We don't want any more spills in the same day."

So Alice nibbled at her pie but before she was very far along Mary Jane and her mother found them, so they enjoyed the end of their luncheon together. The waiter kept watch and the very

minute they had finished he took the dishes away so the Merrills were not bothered one bit.

"Now, then," said Alice, "let's see these rapids."

But, indeed, there was little to see different from the others. The water bubbled, crests of foam showed where the great rocks jutted out of the river bed and the boat twisted and turned as it made its way through the whirlpools. But for all one could see this rapids was no different from the others. Indeed, to tell the truth, Mary Jane found them much less interesting than the islands they enjoyed seeing in the early morning. The sunshine was very bright and a person got tired of looking and looking and looking all the time. Perhaps with tending to Ripples and sleeping on a strange boat, Mary Jane hadn't slept as much the night before as usual.

Mrs. Merrill soon noticed that she was blinking sleepily so when the boat slipped out into the quiet waters below the rapids, she suggested a nap.

"But I don't want to go to a stateroom," said Mary Jane, "the ones on this boat are so little, you know, mother dear. And, anyway, I might miss something."

"But suppose you just rest on this bench in the shade," suggested her mother.

Mary Jane looked to where her mother pointed and there, in the shade of the captain's house, was an empty settee—just the place for a little girl to rest. In a jiffy Mary Jane was lying down, partly covered with a sweater so she wouldn't chill with the wind and in two jiffies she was sound asleep. There she stayed sleeping for a long, long time, which, considering all that was to happen later, was a very fortunate thing for Mary Jane, very fortunate.

After the middle of the afternoon Alice sat down on the end of the settee and Mary Jane opened her eyes and looked around.

"Why, we're in a lake," she exclaimed.

"No, it's just a widening of the St. Lawrence where the Ottawa River joins it," said Alice.

She had spent her afternoon talking with people on the boat. Some of the native Indians knew all the history of everything they passed so she really had learned a lot.

"Well, anyway, there's a mountain," said Mary Jane, as she looked off toward the east.

"Yes, it's Mount Royal," said Alice, "Montreal is just beside it, only of course we can't see the city from here. Mother said to call you for you would want to see the Lachine Rapids—they're the steepest of any—then we come into Montreal harbor and it's time to change back to a big boat."

Mary Jane sat up and stretched. Settees without comforters may be very comfortable when one first lies down, but they surely are hard and stiff for a two hour sleep. By the time she had stood up and stamped her right foot which was sound asleep, she felt fine as could be and ran with Alice to find her father and mother.

"Would there be time to get some candy,

Daddah?" she asked. "We have not bought any to-day and we meant to."

"Plenty of time," replied Mr. Merrill, as he looked ahead to make sure. "And here, Pussy, get some for mother and me, too—any kind you think is good." He put a coin in her hand.

Mary Jane and Alice loved buying candy so they took their time to make sure they got the very best on the boat. There was not a big stock left, but the girls got the best of all that there was. If it hadn't been for their buying then—but here, we mustn't get ahead of the story.

When they got back to the deck, even Mary Jane could see the tumbling rapids ahead. She looked up to the pilot house where three men were standing and saw the Indian pilot take the wheel. He had paddled out into the river and boarded the "Rapids King" some few minutes before, Mr. Merrill told them.

"What do they have an Indian for?" asked Mary Jane.

"Because he knows every rock in the river,"

replied her father. "He always comes aboard opposite that little Indian village back there and then gets off after the Rapids are passed."

"But is it so dangerous?" questioned Alice.

"No," replied Mr. Merrill, "but it would be if anyone but a skillful pilot trained for the job attempted to take us through. Near the end of the rapids is one great rock that has to be watched for. If the boat wasn't steered past it just right—but then they always have this good pilot and they always get past just right, so, you see, it isn't really dangerous when they are so careful."

"What would happen if they hit the rock?" asked Mary Jane, excitedly.

"Goodness knows," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "but look! Now we begin! Girls, hold tight and watch ahead to see if you can see the rocks the pilot will avoid. See, way ahead, you can see the city and the quiet waters of the harbor."

Crowding to the rail, the passengers watched as the boat safely passed one great rock after an-

other. Just when it seemed sure that they would crash, a quick turn of the wheel took them safely to the side, skimming along, barely missing another one on the other side. Spray dashed against their faces, even though they were so high; quick calls of the captain as he stood beside the silent, watchful pilot showed how carefully the boat was being managed; the silence of the passengers showed their interest and excitement.

Finally someone said, "Only one more now, the last and worst in the river. See those two crests of foam ahead? The channel lies between and there is barely room for this boat. The pilot knows the quick turn he has to make at exactly the right minute to make it—I'm glad he has to do it, not I."

Mary Jane looked and sure enough, there ahead were the two crests of foam. The boat was approaching at an angle.

"Watch now," said Mr. Merrill, "here comes the turn."

But there was no turn.

A quick cry from the silent pilot, bells to warn the engineer—the engine was not running through this part of the descent of the rapids—a crunching and grinding at the bottom of the boat told what had happened. For the first time since the larger boats had been making the trip, the "Rapids King" was on the rocks in the Lachine Rapids.

AGROUND IN THE RAPIDS

FOR one awful minute everyone was still. It seemed unbelievable that such an accident had occurred. People that had been laughing and talking only a minute before stared at each other with stricken faces. What had happened? And why? And most important of all, what was the danger? When could they get off?

Then from the pilot house came the sound of the captain's voice, calling through a megaphone.

"Keep your places. There is no danger. The breaking of a rope took the boat out of the control of the pilot. In a short time everything will be all right. There is nothing to fear."

As the calm, cheerful sentences, one after the other, were heard, people felt better. Some

began talking, explaining how it must have happened. Others bemoaned the change of plans for even though the boat might get off the rock very soon, it would be late getting to Montreal and that would mean missing of connections to other cities.

"Suppose'n we'd have to stay here all night," said Mary Jane, in an awestruck voice.

"Now, Mary Jane! please!" cried Alice, "you're playing suppose'n just like Betty Holden and you don't like her to do it. Didn't you hear the captain say it would be all right soon?"

"Yes," replied Mary Jane, "I heard him, I did. But maybe he doesn't know. Maybe they can't fix it as soon as he thinks. Maybe they can't get the boat off at all!"

"Mary Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, much shocked. "Anyone hearing you would think you liked this accident."

"Well, I do," answered Mary Jane pleasantly. "I think it's fun. We just go riding along look-

ing at things and looking at things—I'd rather have things happen, I would, much!"

A lady near by heard and asked, "But aren't you afraid, little girl?"

"Afraid?" asked Mary Jane. She looked over toward the city of Montreal so near, seemingly, and so quiet and safe; she looked at the land even nearer to the south and back to the north, at the towering mountain. "No, I'm not afraid," she said, "what would a person be afraid of here so near land?"

The lady couldn't answer and Mr. Merrill, glad to see that Mary Jane was not frightened, did not explain that even so near the shore, their boat might be dashed to pieces against the rock in a very few hours.

The sun was hidden by a bank of clouds and the dimming of the golden sunshine that had followed the boat all the day made it seem later than it really was. Of course all the children aboard—and there were a good many—began to remember food.

"Where will we get our dinner if we stay here?" asked Alice. "You said they don't have regular beds and supplies for the day boats."

"Can we eat when the boat is so tippy?" asked Mary Jane.

"It's getting worse!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, as the boat gave another knock against the great rock and tipped far to one side.

Of the next hour Mary Jane remembered very little for it seemed to her merely a jumble of loud, frightened talking; crying children; shouted orders and distress. Then the boat settled back a bit and the captain announced that everything was safe, that in a couple of hours, help would pull them off.

Mr. Merrill gathered his little family together in a corner near the Daniels and the Kents and where they could see the friendly looking city of Montreal. There they had their "dinner," which meant dividing up the candy, the cookies and the oranges Mary Jane had bought for their afternoon feast. Long before this, all the food

in the candy stand and all the food in the kitchen had been eaten up by the crowd on board.

The bump, bump, bump of the boat as it hit against the rocks worried Mr. Merrill, so he determined to find the captain to see what plans were being made. It seemed that the captain felt his passengers were really safer on board than they were in attempting to leave the boat in the middle of the rapids so he meant to continue trying to get the steering gear repaired, the boat righted and off, if it took all night.

But even as they were talking, the boat turned and began knocking, knocking against the rock and a man came up to report that a hole was ripped in the side.

"Then we'd better get them off," decided the captain, and the order for sending up rockets was given.

Of course it wasn't yet dark, but the clouds made it seem late twilight; the water looked dark and threatening and the foam very gleamingly white.

While the friends of the Merrills sat around with them, Mr. Merrill told comforting stories of rescues by life saving crews till the girls were enthused with adventure—and just at that minute there landed on the deck near them a pile of thin rope.

"Look!" cried Alice gleefully, "they're going to rescue us, see?"

Off to the south she pointed and there, on the nearest shore, men were working at a small object that looked like a cannon. The rope had hardly landed on the deck before it was picked up by the mate, who evidently had been standing there watching it. Immediately helpers appeared who pulled and pulled and pulled at the slender line.

When the pile of rope under their feet had grown so that Mary Jane simply thought there couldn't be any more rope in the world, she noticed that some bigger, heavier rope was tied on and that now this very strong rope was stretched across the tumbling waters to the shore.

Soon a little car, such as Mary Jane had often seen in pictures about life saving, came sliding across the water. By that time it was evening and the stars were beginning to twinkle in the cleared off eastern sky.

One of the men made the journey to shore first to make sure that the trip was safe and that everything was strong. Somehow, there was not so much talking then. For even though the boat seemed fairly safe, no telling what the night would bring forth; and even though the trip to shore seemed merely an exciting adventure, still, a break in the line, a tip of the basket car—such an accident simply did not bear talking about.

It was way after dark when Mary Jane's turn came to ride in the car. Mrs. Merrill and Mary Jane went when they were called. In the car with them was a little girl whose mother had four children to look after. Alice, being older, must go next.

Mary Jane snuggled down tight as the mate told her to; held fast to the rope at the side of

the car with both hands and tucked her foot under her mother, so she could feel safe; Mrs. Merrill held to the car with one arm and threw the other around the two children. For a breathless moment when the basket car started out from the boat Mary Jane thought the end of the world —whatever that is—had come. She gave a little gasp and the child with them a little whimper. Mrs. Merrill tightened her arm and whispered, "Shut your eyes, dear, we'll be there in a minute!" and away they sailed over the noisy water.

Then, oh, it seemed as though it couldn't be more than a minute, voices were calling to them, kind hands were lifting them out and saying what brave children they were and the little car was sliding back to the stranded boat—for Alice.

Mrs. Merrill stood perfectly still, with Mary Jane clutching tightly at her hand, as she watched the car disappear into the darkness; now Alice would be getting in—who would come with her? There had been no time for ques-

tions. But it wasn't long till the car came in sight again, and Alice, with little Edith and her mother, who was much smaller and lighter than Mrs. Merrill, were being helped out, safe and sound.

"But why didn't you bring Daddah?" asked Mary Jane, disappointedly.

"Your father would not want to come till all the women and children are safely ashore," said one of the guards. "Pretty soon now, he will come, don't you worry, little miss."

So Mary Jane tried not to worry. She and Alice got the little folks around a big bonfire the guards had built for light. They played games and told stories, trying to remember that they were not hungry and tired. But it was a happy little girl who, about an hour later, spied her father climbing out of the car.

"Oh, Daddah!" cried Mary Jane, as she gave him the biggest bear hug he had ever had, "we're so glad! I'm so glad! Were you ever so glad! Doesn't the ground feel nice and safe?"

"Right you are, Mary Jane," said her father, as he picked her up and gave her a hug and kiss. "This ground is the best feeling thing I have touched since afternoon. They think they are going to get the boat off all right by morning," he said to Mrs. Merrill, "but all the same, we're glad to be here on dry land for the night. Now what are the plans and what can we do?"

Of course while the girls were doing their share at amusing the many children, Mrs. Merrill had been making inquiry as to plans for the night. The steamship company through their Montreal office were doing everything possible for the comfort and convenience of passengers, that was sure.

"In a few minutes there will be an automobile here," she told them; "it will take us to the town of St. Lambert, which is across from Montreal. There we can get a ferry across to where the Quebec boat is waiting. They are holding it at least till midnight so passengers will not miss connections."

Mary Jane liked the automobile ride, wished it would last longer, but she did not so much enjoy riding across the St. Lawrence—especially as she could look up the river and see the flickering lights on the "Rapids King" and the glow of the bonfire on the shore to the south. But it was exciting, even though scary, but on the whole, Mary Jane was pleased that it had happened.

At eleven o'clock the Merrill family sat down to dinner on the steamer, "Quebec," and oh, dear, how good things did taste! They ate right through from soup to ice cream—seemed as though the girls never would get enough. Then, without even a glance over the boat, which anyone could see was big and interesting, the girls took the key to their room—a big castle sort of a key, like a key to a castle or dungeon in a fairy story and went with their father and mother to their rooms.

You may well believe that undressing didn't take long. Mary Jane hung up her clothes neatly

and folded up her hair ribbon, then she slipped into her pajamas and tumbled into bed.

"Hasn't this been the excitingest day!" she sighed, happily. "Alice—won't we have the mostest fun telling Frances and Betty all about the wreck?"

"They weren't ever in a wreck," said Alice. "Frances told me such things didn't happen any more."

With a delighted little giggle, Mary Jane turned over to sleep. "I guess she'll think something happened by the time we get through telling her about it, won't she, Alice?"

And do you know, those girls slept so soundly, that they didn't hear the boat pull off and didn't even know that in the middle of the night, the interrupted journey to Quebec was resumed—safely and quietly—down the great river.

FUN IN QUEBEC

YOU never would believe how Mary Jane slept that night! Clear on into the morning! The sun came up, oh, long ago! The lighthouses twinkled out; yes, every one. Mr. Merrill got up and looked in the door to make sure his daughters were safe and comfortable. Mary Jane slept right through it all. Alice stirred the second time he looked in and waved at him, then turned right over to sleep some more.

But the third time he called them, for it was now after nine and he knew there were things they would want to see—to say nothing of breakfast.

"Where are we now?" asked Mary Jane, as she opened her eyes and gave her arms a sleepy stretch. "Oh, I know," she said, waking up,

"we're at Montreal and we're safe from the wreck."

"We're a good deal more than that," laughed her father, "we're way, way down the river, nearly to Quebec. That's where we are, young lady. And if you want to see the famous bridge, and certainly if you want some of the fine strawberries I ordered for you, it's high time you were dressing. So there!" And with a flourish of a bow he shut the door.

"I don't know which I'd rather have," said Alice, "breakfast, or another nap—I guess breakfast. Let's tap and see if mother is up."

Three raps on the partition brought four quick taps in return and that was the taps signal for, "Yes, I'm awake and dressing," so the girls hopped out of bed and got ready, too.

They met their father on deck and there, right in front of them, it seemed, was the great bridge that their father had told them so much about.

"Why, we won't have time to eat our break-

fast!" exclaimed Mary Jane, in disappointment, "for I want to be here when we go under it."

"Plenty of time for that," said Mr. Merrill, "you trust me and eat."

Sure enough, when they came up from the dining room some time later, there was the bridge, seemingly as far away as ever. Mary Jane had to look at the shore to make sure the boat was moving for they seemed hardly any nearer the bridge than before.

"That's because it is so high up and so big," said her father, when he saw how puzzled she was. "The river is very straight for a long way here and you can see the bridge for miles and miles as you approach it from Montreal. It is one of the most wonderful bridges in the world."

They sat there, the four of them, alone, for apparently the Daniels family were not yet up, and watched the beautiful river before them. High stony banks, especially on the north, looked severe and the occasional house very lonesome. Here and there was a big church with a glitter-

ing cross on its spire and sometimes a convent or another institution. The low farm lands, such as they had seen in such numbers yesterday, were nowhere to be seen in that rocky country.

"Seems like another land," said Mary Jane, presently.

"It is," said her father, "but at that it isn't as different as it seems right here. You know parts of the United States would hardly look like home to a little girl who has lived all her life in the Middle West. Parts of the United States are as high and rocky and different looking as this. Though I must admit that nowhere do I know of such a wonderful river.

"Now let's take a constitutional up and down the deck," he continued, "and then we will be sure to be around when we go under the bridge."

Just as they passed the companionway, they met Edith coming up on deck. Ripples was clutched tightly in her arms and from that shelter he looked out with big frightened eyes.

"Why, Ripples," exclaimed Mary Jane, as

she gave him a friendly pat on his tumbled hair, "you poor doggie, don't you know nothing is going to hurt you?"

"He doesn't believe that," laughed Edith, as she looked tenderly at her pet. "He just *hated* that ride in the life saver's car."

"Well, I should think he *would,*" interrupted Alice. "I hated it myself and I knew what it was all about, which he did not. Poor little doggie!"

"Were you ever so scared as when it started?" asked Edith, awesomely. "I wanted to scream but the scream wouldn't come out. I wonder if there's anybody left on that boat now?"

That was exactly what the others were wondering, too, but as nobody knew, they had to go on wondering till later.

"There goes a train across the bridge!" exclaimed Mary Jane, when, a few minutes later, they were all seated in state on the front part of the deck where everything could easily be seen.

"Oh, dear! I wanted one to go across while we were under."

"Maybe there'll be another one," suggested Alice, hopefully. "On such a big bridge there would be more than one track. Look!" She pointed to the south end of the bridge, "There comes one now. It's a freight, so let's count the cars."

"My train's all gone now," said Mary Jane, as she stopped counting at a bright yellow car to look at the first train. "And we *are* getting nearer! See, we're most under now."

All the morning it had seemed that the big bridge was near—just about so near; but now, seemingly all of a sudden, it loomed overhead. Passengers assembled on the deck and craned their necks to see as the stately boat, the "Quebec," was about to go underneath. The freight train had passed, but much to the delight of all the children, another train, this time from the north, began to cross; and from the deck, as they passed under, could be seen the

wheels and underneath part of the cars. It seemed mysterious to be having heavy cars so far, very far overhead, while traveling down the river.

"Well," said Alice, "that's big enough! But, Daddah! What's that ahead? See over there!"

Off to the north were piles of logs and log cabins close down to the river's edge and all quite different from anything else passed so far.

"Those are the logs used to float pieces of the bridge into place before they were lifted high onto the bridge," explained Mr. Merrill. "And the houses are where the workmen lived." And then he told them the history of the bridge; how many men had worked for years building it; how when nearly finished, it had dropped into the river and carried many workers with it and then how, after all, it had been safely finished.

By the time the story was finished, the harbor of Quebec came into view and the girls saw the old fort, perched high upon the rocky shore; the picturesque hotel where the Merrills were

to stop and the busy city sprawled down the steep hillside.

Of course, the boat was due to arrive early in the morning, but because of waiting for the passengers the night before, it was turning in the wharf just before noon.

Drawn up on the dock to greet them were vehicles of all sorts and sizes. Old fashioned coupés drawn by drooping horses, smart carriages with two horses and up to date automobiles. Much to Mary Jane's disappointment, Mr. Merrill chose an automobile; she would have been glad to ride in the oldest carriage behind the droopiest horse for that would merely be the greatest difference from a ride in Chicago. But when she saw how steep the hills were that must be climbed to reach the hotel, she was really glad that no horse had to pull them up.

With a flourish their car stopped at the handsome Hotel called Chauteau Frontenac; men in smart livery opened the doors and a boy about Alice's age and dressed in a suit of historic de-

sign took Mary Jane's bag and followed her indoors.

"I feel like a princess in a fairy tale," whispered Mary Jane, as they went upstairs to their rooms. "I have to pinch myself to see if I'm me!"

After tidying up and settling her belongings in the roomy drawers of the handsome dressing table in her room, Mary Jane was ready to go downstairs.

"I want to write some postal cards," said Alice, as she saw her sister was about to leave the room.

"That's what I'm going to do," said Mary Jane, "only I'm going to do it down in the big writing room. I saw a little desk as we came by. And it was by a window and it had a feather pen—a big blue one, 'cause I looked hard. That's where I'm going to write my letters."

She had intended buying postal cards with pictures, but in exploring the desk she found letter paper with pictures even more interesting than picture cards, so she climbed up into the

big chair and went to work. First, she must write to Betty. She started out bravely, intending to tell of the wreck and everything that had happened, but if you have ever tried to write letters you know how very long it takes to tell everything. Especially if you are sitting in a room full of interesting things and by a big window that looks out over a promenade where folks are strolling and across a great harbor where boats are going and coming.

"I know what I'm going to do," she decided, "I'm going to tell her that I was in a wreck and then not tell any more about it. I'd rather tell her myself, anyway, so I can see how surprised she is." So she wrote the date and "Dear Betty."

"Is there anything you want, miss?" said a voice at her elbow.

Mary Jane had not heard a sound on the soft rugs, so she whirled around in amazement to look into the face of the same bell boy who had taken her bag upstairs.

Was there anything she wanted? Well, Mary

Jane hardly knew. Maybe she was supposed to want something and it would look very strange to say no. It was nearly lunch time—but the boy surely could not mean food, for one went into the dining room for food, she knew that. Then she remembered her letters.

"Yes, thank you," she said, in a dignified, ladylike voice (and just as though she had sent for him and was used to having folks ask if she wanted anything), "I want some stamps. Can you get me some?"

She was really proud of herself as she picked up her bag, got out ten cents and handed it to him.

Very quickly he was back with five stamps.

"But I meant regular stamps," objected Mary Jane in surprise, "the kind of stamps you send on letters. These are different."

"You're from the United States," said the boy, politely but positively.

"Yes, from Chicago," said Mary Jane. She was so surprised she didn't give him a chance to

finish. "But what has that to do with stamps?"

"These are Canadian stamps," said the boy. "You couldn't use United States stamps here, you know."

"Why, to be sure," and Mary Jane laughed at the good joke on herself, "I didn't remember about that. Won't Betty be surprised when she sees these, though!"

"You write your letter and I'll mail it for you," suggested the boy, pleasantly.

"But I don't do envelopes," said Mary Jane. "I write pretty big, you see, so Alice or mother do the envelopes."

"If you know where it goes, I'll do it for you," said the boy, "and then I'll mail it right way."

So Mary Jane bent to her task with energy. She wrote one sentence; she wrote two, then she couldn't stand it any longer to have the boy there watching her and waiting for the letter to be finished.

"I'll tell you what let's do," she suggested, as she laid down the sweeping plume pen she ad-

mired so much, "let's talk and you tell me about things, then some other time I'll write my letter.

"Tell me where you live and what's your name and what that big thing is down there?"

"That's the band pavilion," said the boy, answering the last question first. "That's where the band plays every afternoon—you'll hear it. And that," he leaned toward a window and pointed to the right, "is the store where Indian things are sold, real Indian things they are, too. That's the walk up to the fort. I live up that way, right near the fort."

Mary Jane leaned way out to see everything, but that was all right for the stone sill was wide and safe.

"Can we see your house?" she asked.

"Not from here," replied the boy, with a smile, "my grandmother has only a little house and it's on a side street. But some day, if you go up to the fort, look for the little house with the green shutters. That's where my grandmother lives and I live with her—we two and my sister."

"Well, Mary Jane! here you are," said Mrs. Merrill, from the doorway. "Alice said you had gone to write some letters, but as there are four writing rooms, I've had a hunt."

"Oh, I've had such a good time, mother," cried Mary Jane, as she ran to meet her mother, "and I got some stamps and that's the band house down there and the fort's up there and the boy lives with his grandmother and green shutters."

"My, oh, my, but you've had a busy time," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "maybe you don't care to stop for luncheon."

"Oh, but I do, you *know* I do," said the little girl, earnestly, "only you must talk to him first. He didn't tell me his name yet—" She looked around to show her new friend to her mother, but he was gone.

"I expect he had some work to do," suggested Mrs. Merrill, "but you can tell us about it, then some other time I can see him. Now, let's meet Daddah and Alice. They have gone ahead to get a table."

So in ten minutes' time, or maybe less, Mary Jane was seated in the stately dining room ordering salad, rolls and French fries as though she had lived in Quebec all her life.

VISITING THE FORT

"WHAT do you say to walking up to the fort first thing?" suggested Mr. Merrill, as they finished their delicious luncheon and dipped fingers in dainty crystal bowls and nibbled the sparkling mint that lay at one side on the doily.

"The view from there would be fine and as we have been on board the boat all morning, I think a long walk would feel pretty good."

The others agreed, so they started off. Mary Jane gave never a thought to the letter she had started. Anyway, who likes to write letters when there is so much new to see and do?

It was fascinating to walk along the terrace for there was much to see in every direction. On the left was the river, so wide and sparkling. Close down below the iron railing that edged the

terrace was a steep hill, and at the foot were the houses and wharves that made the old town of Quebec look so picturesque.

"I hope the fence is strong," said Mary Jane, as she leaned against it the better to see below.

"Feel it," laughed Alice, as she attempted in vain to give it a shake. "It's strong as strong can be. But Daddah, do let us stop and see this little store."

It was the Indian store Mary Jane's friend had pointed out before luncheon and it looked every bit as interesting as he had said it was. Baskets, snow shoes and belts filled the windows. On stepping inside, the girls saw strings of beads, moccasins and many other things girls like to have.

The storekeeper let them look and ask questions to their hearts' content till Mr. Merrill reminded them that if they were to see the fort before it closed at four, they would have to be going on.

"I know what I'm going to do," said Mary

Jane, as they resumed their walk. "I'm going to save up my money and get a pair of moccasins. They cost two dollars and fifty cents—that is, the kind I want cost that much—and maybe if I don't buy any candy I can have that much before we have to leave Quebec."

"I should think that would be easy," said Mr. Merrill. "You have a little saved now, I think you told me, and you know I promised you I would give you more money when we got off the boat. Perhaps it would be better to wait till we get back to the hotel; but you have five dollars coming to you, dear. Five dollars for each girl. But that has to last for spending money here and in Montreal. I hope you can manage the moccasins on that, maybe you can, for you are a good planner."

"Five dollars all my own!" exclaimed Mary Jane, happily, "why, that's plenty, Daddah, for I only have to get gifts for grandmother and Betty and—why, that's all! If I don't buy any candy

I'll surely have enough. Only couldn't I have it now, Daddah?"

"Surely you don't want to carry so much around, do you, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes, I do," replied Mary Jane. "I've my little bag like a lady and it's such fun to have a lot of money in it. I never lose things you know, mother."

That was true, Mary Jane never was careless and rarely lost anything. So Mr. Merrill thought that if she wanted the money due her, she should have it, then and there. Very proudly she opened her purse and counted what she already had; fifty cents, ten cents and some pennies.

"Now, this is United States money," explained Mr. Merrill. "I am giving you that for you are more used to it and can count it better. When you get ready to buy anything, I will change it for you into Canadian money at that time. Then you won't get mixed up. Now, Alice, when do you want yours?"

"I'll take mine now, too," decided Alice, "for

I have a pocket in my dress that buttons shut and it will be safe as can be in there. I didn't bring my bag for I hate to carry things."

So they sat down on a bench; took the money their father gave them and tucked it away, each in her favorite place. Then they forgot all about it.

"That's the fort up here where the flag is," said Alice. "That's the fort where the English and French fought for possession of the country. We studied all about it this year." And then she proceeded to tell much of interest that she had learned.

For a while Mary Jane listened. Then she spied queer looking stairs crawling up over the side of the hill above them and she puzzled as to what they were for. When Alice finished she asked, "Daddah, where do the stairs lead to? Do you know?"

"To the fort," replied Mr. Merrill. "We can climb up, or we can walk around back and up

one of the many steep streets. Which shall we do?"

"Oh, let's do the stairs," said Mary Jane, and as the others were agreed, they left the terrace to start climbing. But the steps were very steep and as they didn't want to climb too close together, it took several minutes to get started. In that time, Mary Jane spied another stairway just a little farther along.

"Oh, let me go up one by myself," cried the little girl, "see, Daddah, it's right there! And then we can talk and not crowd."

Alice was on ahead, she had started first. Mrs. Merrill was up a few steps and Mr. Merrill and Mary Jane had not as yet started.

"We can both go that way," suggested her father, so they went over and began the climb up the other stairs.

It was fun to call back and forth. The steps were parallel so Mary Jane tried to climb fast enough to catch up with Alice who had started

so long ahead. Of course she couldn't, for Alice climbed fast, too, but she could *try,* anyway.

Hurrying up, going so fast she hardly looked where she stepped, she stopped suddenly—she had to, for the stairs stopped. Three whole steps were out and through the gap Mary Jane could look down onto the bushes and wild flowers underneath.

"Shall we go back and follow Alice up the other steps?" asked Mr. Merrill, "or shall we climb up the side of the steps—think you could hold on, dear? See what I mean? I'll go first."

He stepped ahead and showed Mary Jane how they could use the side of the steps—the board where the real steps fitted in—for a ladder and go right past the hole.

"Yes, let's do that," said Mary Jane, and without the least bit of fear she followed him and they reached the safe steps above the hole. Her father was now ahead and as neither of them noticed the difference, he continued that way.

Alice and her mother had stopped to see what

Mary Jane would do, but now the race to the top began again, with Mary Jane going faster than ever to make up for lost time. Then suddenly she missed something. Her pocket book was gone! Her precious purse that grandmother had sent her purposely for this trip and the money—all her money for gifts, moccasins and everything. She sat down on the steps to think what could be done. All unnoticing, the rest of her family climbed up to the top.

As she looked down, she noticed for the first time how very steep the hillside was—why the stairs were almost like ladders that laid up against the side of a house—great long, long ladders. While down, *down, down* below was the river and harbor so big, still and far down looking compared to a little girl alone on a ladder.

Then Mary Jane gave herself a shake and looked up.

No use trying to beat Alice, now, for, of course Alice and her mother must be near the top, if they were not already there. Certainly it was

very silly to sit there on the stairs and make herself afraid by looking down—Mary Jane was sensible enough to know that. Her father would be back in a minute, anyway, so why get frightened?

But what Mary Jane didn't know and what no one else noticed for a minute was that just a trifle higher than Mary Jane was a great bush that grew so close to the stairs that the branches spread up through the railing and even through the steps. So that Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Alice, being above the bush, couldn't see Mary Jane, below.

"Now where could my purse be?" thought Mary Jane. She looked on the steps, she went down a way, looking hard at each step, but no bag was to be seen.

She leaned over the side of the stairs and looked hard. No purse.

Over the other side—no, it wasn't there.

Then she happened to think how easily a purse might slip through the stairs because they were

quite open between steps. And sure enough! Under that very step lay her precious bag, safe as could be! Wasn't it lucky she thought of looking there?

But getting it wasn't so easy. Mary Jane reached through as far as ever she could, but her arm wasn't long enough. She poked with a stick, but that only got the bag further away.

"I'll just have to climb down to the ground and get it, that's what I'll have to do," she decided. Without trying anything else, she crawled under the railing and dropped over the side of the stairs. From there it was easy enough to crawl under the steps and get her purse. It certainly did feel good to have it safely in her hands again! Never would she be so careless—never!

At that minute a call came from the top of the stairs. "Mary Jane! Mary Jane! Where are you?" Her father and mother and Alice all missed her at once and all called in distress, for the little girl was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm all right," she shouted back cheerfully, "and I've found my purse."

Mr. Merrill hurried down to meet her while Mrs. Merrill and Alice came over from their stairs to meet her at the top of hers in order to hear what had been the matter.

"Maybe you'd better let me carry it in my big pocket," suggested Mr. Merrill. "Perhaps it will not be so easy to find the next time."

"Thank you, no, Daddah," said Mary Jane firmly, "I must learn to carry it and I'll not lose it again." (And she didn't.)

"Now then, for the fort," said Mrs. Merrill.

But it was not as easy as all that, they found.

They were high up on the hill and the fort *seemed* very close. But between it and them was a rough field—dotted with lovely wild field flowers, to be sure, but not very good walking none the less. Beyond the field rose the walls of the fort, smooth, cold, gray and very high with no sign of a gateway in sight.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Mr. Mer-

"I should say so!" exclaimed Mary Jane fervently, as she thought of the good time she was having.

rill, with sudden inspiration. "We'll follow this path to the main road up here. Then maybe we can meet someone who can give us directions."

That seemed exactly right and when they reached the main road, they not only saw several persons they might have asked, but better still, an empty carriage passed them and Mr. Merrill quickly hailed it, put his family in and ordered the driver to take them to the fort.

It was a good thing they drove for the way was rather long and winding, and by driving they arrived there rested and were ready to explore.

Guards met them cordially and took them all around, wherever they wished to go.

In the center was a little queer looking cannon, one taken from the United States, the man told Alice teasingly. Alice felt badly for an instant, then she looked keenly at the old fashioned thing —for the battle it represented was years and years ago—and she replied good humoredly, "Well, we don't mind your taking it. We couldn't use it now, anyway, for we have better ones."

Several guards around heard and laughed heartily and good humoredly, so she added, "But we don't need cannons, anyway, for Canada and the United States are good friends."

"I should *say* so!" exclaimed Mary Jane fervently, as she thought of the good time she was having. "It's fun to visit another country."

RAMBLING IN QUEBEC

"THAT'S the way to talk!" approved Mr. Merrill. "Forts and cannons and such are interesting as history but it is much better to be visiting as frends than to be fighting.

"But now I want you girls to see the view from this corner."

They climbed up the stone stairway on the inside of the fort wall and came out on top, right by the high flag staff where the British flag waved with barely a flutter in the stiff breeze. Mary Jane tried to hold on to her hat but she found she had to hold so hard she couldn't look at the things her father wanted her to see. So she took off the hat and just let her hair blow while she looked.

Across the river was another town, up the river was the great bridge—two trains were crossing

at this very minute. Off to the north was a wide and sunny plain through which a river, spanned by many bridges, flowed. Here and there was a tiny village with a few houses and perhaps a church with a shining gold cross. Then she looked nearer by (and that was most scary of all for then she could see how very high up they were), she could see the town of Quebec and there—yes, sir, plain as day!—half way down toward their hotel and not far from the field they had passed coming from the stairs, was a little white house with green shutters.

"That's where that boy lives, I know," she said, as she pointed out the house to her mother.

"The green shuttered house?" asked the guard. "That is the home of Madame Reiner—she who sells such good cakes and beautiful laces. She has a little granddaughter who is lame and she minds the shop from her wheeled chair."

"And a grandson?" asked Mrs. Merrill, much interested.

"Yes, and a good boy he is, too," replied the guard. "He used to help keep shop but now that his sister is stronger, he works at the Chateau."

"We must visit them," said Mrs. Merrill, "I would like to buy some laces and maybe you girls would like some little things we can get there."

"He says she has cakes," said Mary Jane, eagerly, "maybe we can get some of those."

"I thought you weren't going to buy any sweets," teased her father.

"That was candy I said about," said Mary Jane, "I'd like to buy cake 'cause it's so good."

"Maybe we can get some on the way home," suggested Alice, hopefully.

They were already tired of looking at the fort and the view was so big, so very big, one would have to stay a day to really see it all. As the wind was blowing hard a day up there would be a long time.

So, laughing and joking, they climbed down the stone stairs, paid the guard for his time and his kindly given information, and went on.

"Now, which way was it from here?" asked Alice, when they came out from the shadow of the great stone gateway of the fort.

"Was what?" asked Mr. Merrill.

"The house with the green shutters," replied Alice. "I want to go and see it now if there is time, Daddah, because it looked just like a picture of a house in France."

They followed the walk around the field, across a block or two and there, down just a little way from the corner, stood the house they were hunting. By the front door was a tiny sign which said, "Madame Reiner. Sweets and Laces," and below that were some words Mary Jane couldn't read. That was no wonder, though, for her mother told her those words were French and meant just the same as the sign she *could* read so she didn't miss anything.

On the front door was a shining brass knocker which Mary Jane rapped vigorously.

"It's most like the one in Florida, isn't it, Alice," she said, as she reached for it.

"That's interesting, too," said Mrs. Merrill, "for Florida, the part where we went, was settled by the French and these people here are French. In fact, I'm sure that St. Augustine and Quebec are the two cities that show French traces more than any others on this continent. Now, of course, since Florida is so modernized by tourists, Quebec is much more interestingly French than St. Augustine. But——"

There was no time for further talk for at that minute a patter of feet was heard in the hallway and very quickly the door was opened by a neat little lady dressed in black who bowed a cordial welcome.

"You want to see my laces," she said, in very correct English with just a trace of foreign accent. "You will like them, I know."

She opened the door into the large front room and there—oh, dear, you should have seen for yourself what lovely things were on display! But even more fascinating than the pretty things was a girl in the corner.

"Some little ladies have come this way, chérie," said the old lady, kindly, "and you shall like to talk to them. They are from the States—is it not so?" she asked, looking toward Mrs. Merrill.

Mrs. Merrill nodded and they all smiled at each other and immediately felt acquainted.

Jeanne, Mary Jane knew the girl's name for that was what the grandmother called her, was about midway between Alice and Mary Jane in age. She had snapping black eyes and glossy black hair pulled straight back from a low white forehead. Her hands were slim and very white. Mary Jane couldn't help but notice that for she knew her own were tanned and, at the present minute, none too clean.

"How do you know we come from the States?" asked Mrs. Merrill, as Madame Reiner pulled up a chair for her close to the table where the laces were displayed.

"By your clothes," replied the lady, shyly, for she feared perhaps she had offended, "and you came together—all four of you, see, are you not travelers?"

"She knows that if we were at home father would be working at this time of day," laughed Alice, "why, of course, that gives us away, mother, I never thought!"

Mary Jane did not join in the talk for she was too busy watching Jeanne. With a quick twirl of a wheel Jeanne had turned her wheel chair toward the counter where cakes and candies were displayed and for the life of her, Mary Jane didn't know which was more interesting to look at—the girl or the goodies!

"You like my Jeanne?" said Madame Reiner, kindly. "She is a good girl—and a business

woman, too, for she helps me. Every day she sits in the shop and sells while I bake the cakes."

"You don't mean that you bake all these lovely cakes?" asked Mrs. Merrill in surprise.

"Indeed, every one," laughed Madame Reiner proudly. "And the laces are made by my kinswomen in France. Jeanne, too, makes lace—see she made that piece—but soon she will be well—only a year more or maybe less now, we hope, and then no longer shall she make lace. She is to go to school like other little girls."

The Merrills were so interested that Madame Reiner talked on and soon they were hearing all about the accident that had put Jeanne in her wheel chair. But, indeed, who wouldn't be interested in the French woman's quaint talk and interesting stories?

"It was four years ago," she began, "and Jeanne was six. We had just had her birthday, I remember, with the cake and candles. Then the next day came the bitter cold and the river

was frozen hard. So hard that teams went back and forth across."

"This big river?" asked Mary Jane. She was that surprised she forgot her manners and interrupted eagerly.

"I didn't know such big rivers ever froze all the way over! Not this near our home anyway," said Alice. "Of course, by the North Pole, that's different."

"If you lived here, little lady," laughed Madame Reiner, "you would think you lived at the North Pole. For the winters are long and cold and often the river is entirely locked in with ice. Though not always is the ice so strong that teams may use it as it was this winter four years ago.

"The hills are covered with snow and for weeks at a time we muffle up if we put our noses out of doors," she shivered playfully at the recollection.

"But this winter the bitter cold did not last

that long," she continued. "Only two or three days after the birthday. The sun shone so warmly that Jeanne and Henri, her brother, wanted to coast. They took their sleds up to the park past the fort—maybe you have not seen it yet, but you will, I know—and there they coasted down toward the river."

"Not all the way down that steep hill!" exclaimed Alice.

"No, not there," said Madame Reiner, "for at that place the hill breaks into a narrow plain half-way down and there the sleds stop—mostly."

"If we *had* only stopped there it would have been all right," said Jeanne, from her chair, "but always, Henri and I wanted to go so far!"

"Never you mind, chérie," said her grandmother, comfortingly, "you are brave and that is good. And we all make mistakes—don't forget that."

Jeanne smiled happily again and the story went on.

"After they had coasted awhile," the grandmother said, "the children began to talk about going clear down to the river. Teams were crossing up near the bridge and the ice was hard and safe. So Jeanne and Henri took their sleds beyond the plain and coasted clear out onto the river."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "didn't it almost give you the shivers—going too far?"

"Yes," admitted Jeanne, "but, oh, it was fun. The wind whistled by our ears! The ground fairly disappeared we went so fast and Henri steers so well that we went almost halfway across the river—oh, it was fun."

"Then why—" began Alice.

"But I will tell you," said Madame Reiner, who saw Alice was wondering what that fine coast had to do with Jeanne's hurt.

"Twice they went; thrice; and then the fourth time they went too far. Out in the middle there the current turns and is very strong. But where

the teams crossed the river is straighter and the current is spread out. Of course, Henri did not know it, for the ice *looked* all the same on the whole river. But here, where the current turned, the ice was very thin and with even the small weight of the sled with Henri and Jeanne, it broke through."

"And they fell in?" cried Mary Jane, her eyes wide with excitement. "Into that big river, way out in the middle."

"Exactly," nodded Madame, "in the middle."

"And Henri, he was so brave," said Jeanne proudly, taking up the story, "he told me to hold to the sled and he tied my muffler to it so I could not slip away. Then he pushed the sled up onto the thin ice and kicked hard and I kicked, too, to keep from going down. But every time we tried to climb out, the ice broke some more. Oh, but it was cold, too."

"But how did you ever get out?" asked Mr. Merrill. "Did the guard at the fort—"

"You are right, sir," said Madame Reiner, pleased with his interest, "the watchman saw them and the soldiers came, oh, so quickly and pulled them out. Just in time, too, for they were getting cold, oh, very cold. Henri was not hurt, but the cold and a hurt to her back made Jeanne ill for a long time. But she is almost well now and in another year she will run, and play, and go to school like other girls."

Mary Jane sighed with relief.

"My, but I'm glad you got out right away, quick," she said. "I'd like to hear about it all over again."

"But we must not keep you so long," said Mrs. Merrill, suddenly remembering that they were taking a good deal of Madame Reiner's time. "Do you ever serve tea with your cakes? Maybe we could stay and look at laces, too, if you have the time."

Madame Reiner disappeared and in less than five minutes returned with a tea tray and four

cups and plates. Mary Jane and Alice picked out their favorite cakes and ate them up—to the last crumb and, of course, Mr. Merrill bought one for Jeanne, too, and insisted she eat it with them for company.

"I think Quebec is ever so nice," said Mary Jane, between bites, "especially the story part. I like stories." And thoughtfully she stirred her tea and hoped Madame Reiner would tell them something more.

THE NEW FRIEND

AFTER that very pleasant visit, Mary Jane was more interested in Jeanne than she was in sightseeing. First thing the next morning she wanted to make a visit to Jeanne and she wasn't one bit thrilled when her mother suggested that this was the day they meant to see all the famous old churches.

"Maybe we had better do the churches by ourselves and let you two girls visit Jeanne," said Mrs. Merrill, thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you a better plan than that," suggested Mr. Merrill, as they finished their breakfast of pancakes and sausages. "We'll get a car and take Jeanne for a drive if her grandmother can spare her. Then she can tell us about things we pass and you can have a good time, too."

Mary Jane and Alice thought that a wonder-

ful suggestion and they hurried upstairs for their hats while Mrs. Merrill wrote a note they were to carry to Madame Reiner.

The girls set out along the Promenade, past the shop where the moccasins were so temptingly displayed. But not even the much desired moccasins made Mary Jane linger this morning for she knew her father was arranging for the car and she didn't want to lose a single minute of the drive. Down the side street they turned, and knocked on the house with the green shutters.

Henri himself opened the door and even before his grandmother could read the note, Mary Jane told him the plan.

"Let me mind the shop this morning, grandmother," he said quickly, "then Jeanne can ride. She has never been in an automobile, you see," he explained to the girls in a matter of fact way.

"Never been——" Actually Mary Jane could hardly say the words, it seemed so impossible.

"That is not strange," laughed Henri, pleasantly, "for she was little when she was hurt and,

anyway, we are poor, how could she ride? But now she is nearly well and you are taking her. It is nice, indeed, to have a rich friend."

Alice fairly gasped in amazement. She rich! Why, of course, she wasn't! But on thinking it over, she decided that if she wasn't rich, maybe she was at least *nearly* rich or she could not be taking such a nice trip, you see. At any rate, that was what Henri seemed to think.

"But I thought you stayed at the Chateau all the time?" asked Mary Jane, puzzled about finding Henri at home that time of day.

"So I do," he said, "but only six days in the week. One day I stay at home. Sometimes it is Sunday, sometimes it is another day. I am glad my home day comes to-day so I can mind the shop. But where are my manners? Please, will you come in?"

Mary Jane and Alice went inside where they found Jeanne and her grandmother in happy discussion about a hat. Jeanne, you see, had not been out for all these four years—unless maybe

on a summer day to sit in her chair at the door step, and of course the hat she wore four years ago was much too small—oh, much.

"You don't need a hat," laughed Mary Jane, "I hate wearing them myself—that is," and she corrected herself honestly, "unless it's a *new* hat. I always like to wear a new hat but they are not new for long. I'd rather just wear a hair bow."

"But I haven't even a hair bow," said Jeanne.

"You don't need even a hair bow the way you do your hair," said Alice. "Mother said just a wrap, surely, because you might not be used to driving. And that you were not to worry, Madame Reiner, if we were not back for luncheon, for we will take good care of Jeanne, indeed we will."

"That I know, surely," said Madame Reiner, happily, "for are you not so thoughtful and good? Never comes anyone so kind as you."

The honk of a horn at the door called Henri away and there stood Mr. Merrill, ready to carry Jeanne to the car.

Mary Jane held the chair so it wouldn't wiggle while he gathered her up, Alice held the door, the chauffeur opened the car and arranged the cushions they had brought while the grandmother talked of her thankfulness for such kind friends and Henri looked far too happy for words. With everyone interested and helping, it wasn't more than a minute till Jeanne was settled comfortably in the roomy back seat and they were off, Jeanne waving a proud good-by to her grandmother and brother.

"Now, let's go see where you coasted," said Mary Jane, as they turned out into the paved street.

"Perhaps Jeanne would not like to see that," said Mrs. Merrill.

"Oh, but I like *everything* to-day, I do," smiled the little girl, happily. "Every single thing, I do."

So they drove up by the park called the Plains of Abraham in honor of battles fought there years ago. From there they could look down

the river bank and out across the river to the very spot where Jeanne and Henri had crashed through the ice. Then after they had heard all the details over again, they drove around to see the Parliament buildings. Those looked pretty much like many other big buildings to Alice and Mary Jane but Jeanne was so very proud of them, they looked hard and tried to be truly interested.

Then they saw a convent, several churches and then they drove along the Grand Allee (which was the name given the best street) and around over the city. Jeanne was so interested in the street cars, the big houses and the schools that of course Alice and Mary Jane were interested, too; who wouldn't be when somebody right along with you told all about who lives in each house, whether they had any little girls or boys, where they went to school and all that? It made Quebec seem like a real city instead of a queer place one merely goes to see.

"There," said Jeanne, as they drove through

the St. Louis Gate, near the Parliament buildings, "that is where Henri and grandmother and I used to make a picnic. See the wild flowers? We would eat our supper there and then pick flowers to take home."

She looked so eagerly at the dainty flowers growing there, that Mr. Merrill had the car stopped. Then, without telling her what he meant to do, he picked her up, carried her up the stone steps and put her down right in the middle of the blossoms. Of course, you can easily guess how happy she was then!

"Is there time to pick some to take to grandmother?" she asked, as she touched one flower and then another with her fingers.

"Plenty of time," said Mr. Merrill, "the rest from riding will do us good."

So Jeanne picked as many as she could reach and Mary Jane and Alice ran hither and yon picking all the best blooms they could see, so soon they had a beautiful bunch for Madame Reiner.

Before they left, they sat down and looked at the city. The wall where they were was not as high as the fort wall, off to their right, but it was higher than most anything else and they could see oh, so many interesting things. Jeanne showed them all the churches and told their names; and knew the rivers and pointed out many points they should be sure to see.

When they all had the picture of the city in their minds, they climbed into the car again. As a mile or so makes no difference in an automobile, they drove around by Jeanne's house and left the flowers while they were fresh.

Then they went for a long drive out into the country, which the girls thought the most fun of all.

It was one when they got back to the city and Mr. Merrill said Jeanne should eat luncheon with them at the chateau and you may be sure she loved that, too. After luncheon they took her home, flushed and happy; with new sights to think of she would be content for many a day.

"Now I think we had better do some of our shopping," suggested Alice, at three o'clock. "We won't go till to-morrow night but I don't like to buy everything at once."

"Let's go out on the terrace and make out a list," said Mary Jane.

It was fun to sit on a bench on the broad terrace and watch all that was going on. Near the hotel a band was beginning an afternoon concert; out on the river boats were coming and going, while along the terrace visitors were walking and chatting.

"It's too bad Doris didn't stop here with us," sighed Mary Jane, " 'cause she'd have liked it a lot, same as we do." Doris and her family had gone on down the St. Lawrence and meant to stop at Quebec on the way back.

"Now, let's see," she continued, turning to her pencil and paper, "I'm going to get something for grandmother and for Betty——"

"Look at that warship out there!" exclaimed Alice. "See! It belongs to us 'cause it's got the

stars and stripes on it. Oh, don't they look *beautiful!*"

"I don't believe it's a warship, here, for there isn't any war," said Mary Jane, practically, "but the flag looks pretty, all the same. See how the sun shines on it!"

"I know what it is," said Alice, suddenly remembering, "it's a revenue cutter, Daddah said we would likely see one here to-day. Doesn't it look spick, span and interesting, though?"

"Look at that cunning little bit of boat!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "I'll tell you what let's do, let's count all the boats!"

That proved to be a hopeless job, though, for there were dozens, coming and going and standing still. Long before the girls had them all counted, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill came back from some church visiting they had been doing alone and announced that it was time to dress for dinner.

"And I haven't even got my list made out yet!" cried Mary Jane, in dismay.

"But you have only two gifts to buy," said Mrs. Merrill.

"And my moccasins," added Mary Jane.

"I have only grandfather and Frances," added Alice, "so I can remember those, too, or I can put them down when I'm dressed.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Mary Jane, happily, as she skipped along to dress, "isn't Quebec the interestingest place you ever saw and aren't you glad we came!"

FIRST thing next morning, the girls went to the shop to make their purchases. And it was a good thing they started early, for making up their minds what to buy took a great deal of time. You know how it is yourself when there are many lovely things all around, most of which you like very much.

Should she buy the tiny little snow shoes for Betty? They were cunning as could be, and just the right size for Betty's best doll. Or would her friend rather have some folded up pictures of Quebec that would show so plainly all the lovely things the Merrills were seeing day by day? Then there were banners, handkerchiefs, leather calendars and goodness knows what other things. The man in the store was very nice and didn't seem to mind at all that Mary Jane asked

him the price of everything, big and little, in his whole store. She didn't want to make a mistake, of course, and so she had to ask about everything. Which, perhaps, was just as well, for in that way she found out that there were not so many things at twenty-five cents after all. Having decided that was the price to pay, it was a help to know what things could not be considered.

Alice had trouble with her purchases, too, for everyone knows how hard it is to buy things for a man; and grandfather was on her list. But the minute she spied a tiny little stamp case with leaves of oiled paper to keep the stamps from sticking, and a picture of the fort at Quebec tooled on the leather cover, she was completely satisfied. That was exactly the thing. She bought it in a jiffy and also a set of pictures for herself. Because she did not see exactly what Frances might like, she decided to buy a pretty handkerchief from Madame Reiner, so that was all settled.

All of a sudden, Mary Jane made up her mind,

too, and by the time Mrs. Merrill arrived at the shop for them a few minutes later, she had purchased the doll snow shoes for Betty and the moccasins for herself—lovely gray ones with a design in blue and green beads worked on the toes.

"I'm going to get grandmother some lace at Madame's," she explained to her mother, "because you know grandmother loves to sew lace on things, and there was such pretty lace there—I looked at it."

"That's a fine plan," said Mrs. Merrill, "but we'll not go up there just yet."

"Oh," said Mary Jane, disappointedly, "I thought we could."

"No," replied Mrs. Merrill, "not for a while yet. We'll go back to the hotel first and then perhaps you won't mind."

To tell the truth, Mary Jane *did* mind a good deal, for she was eager to finish her buying and very, very much wanted to see her friend, Jeanne. But, of course, she was too polite to

fuss or sulk, so she went back to the hotel with her mother and Alice and—what do you suppose? Right there by the band stand in front of the hotel stood Doris, Ripples and Edith—all three! Dear me, but it did seem fun to see them!

The Daniels family had had their two day ride and were back to see Quebec; they had not hoped for such good luck as to see the Merrills again, for the Merrills had intended to stay but two days and this was the third. Mrs. Kent and Edith had come from Montreal that morning by the night boat, the very boat Mary Jane and Alice had seen come in but had not suspected was bringing a friend.

"Oh, we know the nicest girl," began Mary Jane, "and she coasted into the river and hurt herself, but she's going to school in another year. Her grandmother makes cakes and *she* sells lace and we're going up there now to buy some things, 'cause we like her so much. She's so pretty and everything!" By that time she was quite out of breath and had to stop, which was a good thing

as the others couldn't make out what she was talking about.

"First tell us whether you have had your breakfast," said Mrs. Merrill. Yes, they all had, on the boats.

"Well," laughed Alice, "that's too bad for you, because they have the best sausage and pancakes here you ever tasted. But it's a good thing for us, because we can start doing something right away."

"Girls, let's all go and see Jeanne, also do our shopping."

"Yes, let's," said Doris, eagerly.

"Then you four girls skip along—if you are sure Alice knows the way," said Mrs. Daniels, "and we'll follow pretty soon."

"Alice knows the way," said Mary Jane, "of course she does and I do, too. I've been there twice."

"Then you won't let these little girls lose their way, will you?" laughed Mrs. Daniels, giving

Mary Jane a friendly look that made her feel happy again.

It was lots of fun to take Edith and Doris to call on Jeanne. On the way Alice and Mary Jane told them all about the ice coasting, Henri working, the little shop and all. They told every single thing they could think of, even though they had to walk very slowly to get it all in before they got to the little white house with the green shutters.

Jeanne was so glad to see them. She had rested in the afternoon after their ride, while Henri had kept shop all day till the baking was done and all the house in order. That was very good of him, for he had little time of his own for play or fun. Then Jeanne had gone to bed early and slept fine, so to-day she felt better than ever she could remember feeling. She was very happy and eager to thank her good friends.

At first she was a little shy on meeting two new friends, but soon she forgot they were new and all the girls were talking together.

Mary Jane said she wanted to buy some lace and Jeanne showed her a pretty bit that had just come over—her own little cousin in France had made it herself. Madame Reiner came in at that moment and assured Mary Jane that the length was right for whatever her grandmother would likely wish to use it for. So Mary Jane bought it and paid eighty-five cents from her own little purse. That was more than she expected to pay for a gift—but it was such a lovely gift and well worth it. Anyway, who wouldn't like to buy lace made by a little cousin in France?

Alice, after much thought, selected a handkerchief for Frances and the purchases were wrapped up neatly and the change settled. Madame Reiner did not mind taking United States money which she said she could change at the bank, so Mary Jane did not have to wait to ask her father for coins, as otherwise she would have done.

That off their minds, the girls settled down for a visit.

But no more had they started Jeanne on retelling the story of the coasting for the benefit of Edith and Doris, when in walked the three mothers and then, of course, story-telling had to stop. Purchases were made, Madame Reiner told her thanks for the kindness to her little girl, and then they all made ready to go. Just as they were, Madame called Mrs. Merrill to one side.

"The little girls," she whispered, "will they see the sights all the day?"

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Merrill, thoughtfully. "There are many things they ought to see but they get tired. Some of the time they must play together out of doors, I think."

"Indeed, that is good," said Madame, happily. "Then let them play on the meadow this afternoon and they can have tea with my Jeanne. We want them."

Mrs. Merrill looked to where Madame pointed when she said "meadow," and realized that she meant the rocky field that Mrs. Merrill might have called a "vacant lot" across the street

—the lot that lay between the white house and the fort. It might be rocky, but daisies grew and bloomed there, and it would be a fine place to play—especially when Madame was watching from her home to see that nothing went amiss.

"That is a kind plan," said Mrs. Merrill, "and I know the girls will all love to come; about two, maybe, this afternoon. Will you be good enough to send them home at four as we leave on the evening boat and there may be things to do."

With that nice plan ahead, sightseeing was fun, even when it included poking into dark churches that, if the truth were told, Mary Jane didn't think were half as nice as the ones in Chicago. But then, when she was told how old those same buildings were, and how many, many people, through the years, had worshiped in them, she wasn't much surprised that they were dingy in places. Some of them had lovely pictures and windows and many of them had burning candles—all very interesting to see.

The thing Mary Jane liked best was Cham-

plain Street—little Champlain Street, she afterwards found it was called. It was narrow, and there were no sidewalks, and then, as though that was not enough of queer things for a street to do, it went upstairs—yes, really it did, straight up broad stairs, and the houses at the side of the stairs were part two-story and part one because of the stairs. Of course, horses and automobiles didn't go up the stairs, they went around the block, for the hill was too steep for them, but folks walked right along, up the stair sidewalk. Mary Jane thought it awfully funny—quite the funniest thing in Quebec.

After luncheon the girls set off for their play with Jeanne and the grown folks planned to spend the next two hours at grown folks' sort of sightseeing—pictures and such things, you know.

Jeanne was watching for them at the door and what do you suppose she did? With her grandmother on one side and Alice helping on the other, she managed to get down the steps of the little white house. Then, of course, it was no

trouble to get the empty wheel chair down and to put her into it again, and the girls wheeled her across the street onto the grass of the meadow.

"Let's make a daisy chain," suggested Alice. "We can make a crown for Jeanne and bracelets for us all. Only first let's make the chain."

They scattered hither and yon over the big meadow and they picked daisies and the pretty pale blue flowers that grew with the daisies—the girls had never seen any like them, so, of course, they did not know a name—neither did Jeanne.

"We always call them sky flowers," she said, which, after all, is pretty enough for a name.

When Jeanne's lap was piled high with blooms, the girls sat around and began making chains. They used three daisies and then a sky flower; three daisies and then a sky flower, and the chains were the prettiest they had ever made.

"Isn't it funny," said Mary Jane, suddenly. "Here four of us live way off in three other cities! And Jeanne lives right here all the time.

With her grandmother on one side and Alice on the other, she managed to get down the steps of the little white house.

And we're all making daisy chains just that way —like we'd always been here."

"We all know how to make them the same way," laughed Jeanne, "that's the funniest of all when you think of it."

"I don't know what *you* think," said Madame, appearing suddenly with a big tray, "but *I* think little girls are all pretty much alike and I think they enjoy tea."

She uncovered the tray and there, spread out on dainty china, were sandwiches, cakes, cookies, tiny candies and little cups of chocolate, all ready to eat.

Evidently she was right, for the girls all clapped their hands and put the finished chains away while they enjoyed their party.

ON TO MONTREAL

FOUR o'clock came much too soon, but as she knew the boat left a little after six and the Merrill girls might really be needed, Madame Reiner made the party stop exactly on time. It wasn't easy to say good-by for no one knew when they might all be together again. Madame suggested that they pretend just to say good-by for over night, not try to make plans ahead and that was easier. Only Alice left a card on which was written her Chicago address.

"We'll pretend that is just for the laces and the business," said Madame, kindly, "for I, too, do not like to say good-by to such good friends. Maybe some day—who knows, my dears!"

Each girl took her own bracelet chain for a souvenir and very gay farewells were said. Then Alice and Mary Jane hurried back to the Chateau.

Mrs. Merrill was in her room packing up.

"I thought maybe you would both like to tub," she said. "You have been playing on the ground—I know you've had a beautiful time, too. To-morrow there will not be any nice tub with shining nickel, on the boat, you know."

Mary Jane thought that a fine idea, so in exactly one minute she had her clothes on the floor and herself in the tub—ugh! the cool water felt so clean and fresh.

After a good rub, she put on clean clothes, then brushed her hair till it was smooth and ready for a fresh ribbon. Then she picked up everything for her mother to pack and packed her own little toilet bag. The new gifts went in the suitcase with clothing, but the moccasins were put in her toilet bag. She had really needed some slippers and now, of course, she was glad she had not bought the common everyday kind at home. Moccasins were much more fun.

"Five o'clock, and one hour in which we may do anything we like before we leave," announced

Mr. Merrill from the doorway. "I had thought maybe tea——"

"I'd adore tea!" exclaimed Alice.

"But your mother tells me you have been to a party and had tea," he objected.

"That was chocolate," said Mary Jane, "it was hours and hours ago and I could eat—oh, *anything!*"

"Even chicken salad?" questioned Mr. Merrill, teasingly.

"Really, Daddah?" exclaimed Alice, delightedly.

"Well," said Mr. Merrill, "I ordered chicken salad, rolls, iced tea and a few trimmings served to us at five in the terrace dining room and if——"

"Daddah, you're surely a darling," exclaimed Mary Jane, as she gave him a great hug, "I love you lots and I'm starved. It's five o'clock, so if you ordered it for now we oughtn't disappoint the waiter, ought we?"

"Most certainly not," laughed Mrs. Merrill,

"how fortunate it is that our bags are packed, our primping all done and we have a whole hour to enjoy the feast."

"You see," explained Mr. Merrill, as they sat down to the cosy table near the window and were served the tempting tea things, "I thought we would hardly want to go right into the dining room the minute we get on the boat, for we will want to see the harbor as we go through and the view back to the town and fort. But neither do we want to starve, so here we are."

"We like it a lot," added Alice, as she buttered a dainty roll. "Did you ever know anything to be as nice as Quebec, Daddah? I just know Montreal can't be half as interesting."

"Maybe it won't be," agreed her father. "Certainly it isn't as foreign—oh, not nearly as foreign. It's bigger and more like a city. It is fairly certain you will not run across a fine little friend as you did here when you found Jeanne. But all the same, I think you will find Montreal worth looking at, my dear."

Alice was quite ready to agree to that when she boarded the boat an hour later and began hearing from various people about things about the city they were coming to in the morning. Some thought it much better than Quebec, but neither Alice or Mary Jane could possibly believe *that*.

As the big boat pulled away from the wharf, the girls took their places on deck right up by the bow and there they sat, watching, while the old city down below faded away, the fort and the Chateau grew smaller and smaller and the faint glimpse of something they were sure was the little white house with green shutters slipped entirely out of their sight.

"Now, then," said Mary Jane with a big sigh, "I'm going to count the cars as we go under the bridge."

But she didn't after all, for there were no freight trains going over at that minute—or passenger trains, either, for that matter, and in the gathering twilight the great bridge looked enormously big and grand. As though it couldn't

possibly, ever, have been built by mere men.

"How about dinner, now," suggested Mr. Merrill, "and putting away our bags and everything? I doubt if there is much more to see right here."

The boat was so very much like the one they had come up on that Mary Jane felt quite at home. She took her stateroom key—a big one like she had had before—she and Alice hung up their wraps and tidied themselves and soon were down in the gayly lighted dining room. trying to order from the big menu card. It seemed a lot of fun, no doubt of that.

"I like traveling, I do," announced Mary Jane, decidedly. "I'd like to do it all the time."

The next morning they took a turn on deck—which was the way Mr. Merrill spoke of a walk before breakfast and the girls were so surprised to see how different the country looked. They had been asleep, you remember, when they left Montreal in the middle of the night on the way up to Quebec. Rolling fields, a few long,

slim islands, many lighthouses, and farmhouses, made the scenery quite different from the high rocky banks around Quebec. Off in the distance they could see the great Mount Royal looming up long before they could even see the smoke of the city at its foot.

"If there are any of those funny carriages here, Daddah," said Alice, as they went down to breakfast, "do let's take one. I'd love to ride in one and there won't be such steep streets for the horses here."

Her father promised, and sure enough, as the boat pulled up to the great wharf an hour later, there were fine up-to-date automobiles and quaint old carriages all gathered together to take the passengers to the hotels. Mary Jane and Alice were so afraid that the old carriages would be gone by the time they got down to the wharf, for they had taken their time and were not in the front of the crowd. But they needn't have worried—the fashionable automobiles were the ones that were gone and right in front of the

gangplank was an old carriage, big and comfortable looking and exactly the sort the girls had longed to ride in. Actually, it seemed to be waiting for them!

Mary Jane was impatient till her father engaged the driver—she was *so* sure somebody would get him first, but they didn't. He climbed down stiffly and took their bags in front, then handed the three ladies in with a flourish that made Mary Jane feel very grand indeed. Mr. Merrill followed them while the driver climbed up to his high seat, looked back to see if everything was all right and then, with a flourish of his long trailing whip, started off.

Alice and Mary Jane exchanged glances of delight—wasn't it just like a story book? Riding around that way with a driver in a uniform and a long whip that was to flourish not to use on the horse, and a beautiful city with rivers, mountains, towers and wharves? They sat in their own little seat, opposite the one in which Mr. and Mrs. Merrill sat and enjoyed every minute.

All too soon they came to the hotel.

"Do we have to get out now?" exclaimed Mary Jane, disappointedly. "Seems as though we've only just begun to ride."

The driver was down from his box in an instant, pulling at their bags and being as helpful as possible, but he couldn't help but hear what Mary Jane said.

"Wouldn't you like to take a carriage for the morning, sir?" he asked. "I would take good care of you all, sir. Drive wherever you like, sir. I know all the good drives and the ladies all like my driving, sir."

Mary Jane, around where the driver couldn't see her, was motioning "Please do!" to her father, so he smilingly said, "All right. You wait here, you lady folks, while I dispose of our bags and see about our tickets for the evening train. Then we'll have a ride, if that is what you like best."

While Mr. Merrill was inside the hotel, the driver talked to the girls, and Mrs. Merrill

looked on. If the truth were told, she enjoyed his chatter as much as they did.

"I'm 'Old Man John,' " he said. "The ladies all like to ride with me 'cause I'm so careful. Ladies don't like to go 'round so fast, ladies don't."

Mary Jane could hardly keep back a giggle at that, when she remembered how she was used to being whisked around in Chicago. But then, Chicago wasn't Montreal—maybe ladies didn't like fast driving here, though the way the automobiles were engaged before the carriages at the wharf rather looked as though somebody liked fast driving!

"I'm Welsh, I am," continued John, "and ever since I'm over, forty years ago, I've had a cab at the West Stand. When anybody wants a good careful man, they just calls up and says, 'send me John,'—that's what they do."

At that point Mr. Merrill came out and announced that everything was arranged properly, that they could drive or do whatever they liked till the train left at seven in the evening.

"Only one day to see your city," he said to John, as he took his place in the carriage, "so you must show us your best. Now, for a while, you go wherever you like."

With an air of delighted importance, Old Man John climbed up onto his driving box, flourished his whip and they were off. Through one beautiful street after another he took them, turning back to them before each home of unusual beauty to tell some bit of gossip about the builder or owner.

"How does he know all that?" asked Alice, after he had told of the family in one stately mansion.

"He picks up gossip—didn't you say he had been here forty years?" answered her father. "Or maybe he makes it up as he goes along, how are we to know? But he makes a good story and we're having a good time. Most likely something of the sort happened or he wouldn't think of it, so why bother?"

"I should say we are having a good time,"

said Mary Jane, happily. "Only I just wish Betty could see us. Won't you take my picture in here, Daddah, so I can show her?"

Before there was time for an answer, Old Man John leaned over to ask, "How about going up the mountain, sir? You'll want to see the park, the hospital and the view. You can get a very nice dinner up there if you'll let me telephone from the corner here before we start up."

"He certainly knows what we'd like to do," approved Mrs. Merrill, so John went to phone and Mr. Merrill unfolded his camera and snapped the picture, almost before Mary Jane had time to see what he was about.

ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD

THE winding drive up Mount Royal was one of the most interesting Mary Jane ever took. To look up at the mountain from where they started at the foot, one would hardly believe it possible to drive up—it seemed so fearfully steep, but once they got started, Mary Jane soon saw how it was done. The road went round and round and round almost as a spool of thread is wound with each turn getting higher and higher. First they drove a long way to the west—going up a gentle grade. Then there was a turn and they drove east, a little higher than before; and through the trees, a glimpse of the road lower down could now and then be seen.

Back and forth they went and with each turn the road got steeper and the view more beautiful. But with all the trees and all the many

things to see in the park on the way up, Mary Jane didn't think much about views.

Then, suddenly, it seemed to her, they came out onto a flat place at the very top of the mountain and John told them to climb out to look and there spread out before them was a whole world —rivers, mountains, cities and lakes—everything!

"Why, we're on the top of the world!" cried Mary Jane, excitedly, "how did we ever get here?"

"In John's carriage," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "only you were so busy watching the deer and squirrels in the park that you didn't notice how high we were climbing. Look over there, Mary Jane—that's where our boat struck a rock in the Lachine Rapids."

Mary Jane looked but, of course, there wasn't any boat there now. Two days before, the boat had safely made its way out of danger—after the repairs to the steering gear had been finished. But even so far away and so high, she could see

the white foam that showed where the water tumbled and tossed as it hurried through the rocky channel.

"It doesn't look much like it did when we saw it last, does it, mother?" said Alice, thoughtfully. "We'll never forget the rockets and the funny tipped over feeling of the boat, will we?"

"*I* won't," agreed Mary Jane, with a bit of a shiver. She liked to think of the excitement and fun but she didn't like to think of that queer feeling she had when the life-savers' car started its swift and swaying journey over the water—with her inside.

"There's a bridge," she said, noticing a great long bridge that, from their high viewpoint, seemed close to the rapids.

"Yes," said Mr. Merrill, "you remember we went through that. It's the Jubilee Bridge built in honor of Queen Victoria's great jubilee years ago. It's not as high as the Quebec Bridge, but it's wonderfully long. To-night, when we ride

across it on the train, you will think you never are going to get across."

"There's a church, with two steeples," said Alice, noticing the sights in another direction.

"Those are the twin towers of Notre Dame," said Mrs. Merrill, "this afternoon we will go in that famous church. Over there see that great golden dome? That's the Cathedral of Montreal, we must see that, too."

"Luncheon will be served in five minutes," said John, breaking in on the sightseeing talk. "And please would you like it served on the pavilion so you may continue to see the sights while eating?"

"Oh, goody! Let's!" exclaimed Mary Jane, happily. She loved eating out-of-doors at any time, but eating out-of-doors when the sun was shining and the breeze blowing delightfully and the world—or at least a great big part of it—was spread out for a little girl to look at—well, can you imgaine more fun?

She watched while waiters carried out the little table and set it quickly. Then they took their places and such food! John had called it "luncheon" but fried chicken, potatoes creamed and seasoned just to a turn, fritters, ice cream, hot rolls and everything seemed more like dinner to hungry Mary Jane. She ate till she wasn't hungry any more, then, because it was after two o'clock and there were many places to be visited, they began driving down the mountain.

One of the things that interested Mary Jane the most as they drove around the city during the next two hours were the signs. Of course, the letters were the same regular letters she was used to reading, but the words, many times, were quite different because they were French words. Sometimes a sign would have two lines, one of which she could read perfectly well because it was English and the other she couldn't read at all because it was French. Yet her mother told her both lines said the same thing. It was really

quite puzzling and Mary Jane resolved to learn French the first time she had a chance. She had never before thought about how much fun it might be to read in a different language.

After that long drive it felt very good to get out at the hotel and walk around though, of course, both the girls felt sorry to tell Old Man John good-by, for he had been so nice to them.

They got a room at the hotel so Mary Jane could rest and while she took a nap Mrs. Merrill and Alice bought some linens at a nearby store. So while Mr. Merrill read the paper, Mary Jane took off her dress and shoes and laid down on the bed to rest. She didn't think she was sleepy, but you know how it is yourself, first thing she knew she was being waked up and told it was time to dress for dinner. But before the evening was over she was glad she had had her good nap for many things happened ere she went to sleep again.

After an early dinner, the Merrills drove to

the train that was to take them back to the United States. Much as she loved her own country, Mary Jane hated to leave Canada, for she had had such fun seeing new sights and making a new friend in Jeanne and her family.

Over the long Jubilee Bridge they went, on and on, over fields and through valleys till Mount Royal was only a dim haze in the distance; the river and the city were long since out of sight.

While Mary Jane was sitting close to the window, looking as hard as she could look, trying to see Mount Royal and not finding it, a man came through the train—a man in uniform and carrying papers in his hand.

"Have your luggage all ready!" he said as he hurried by. "Have your luggage all ready!"

"Is it time to get off?" exclaimed Mary Jane, "I thought we rode a long time."

"We do," answered her father, "that man is a government inspector working for the customs

department and he has to look at our luggage."

"That's a funny thing for him to do," said Mary Jane, much puzzled. "What does he want to see our things for?"

"Well, it's a long story, Pussy," replied Mr. Merrill. "You see Uncle Sam has plenty of some things in his country and of some other things he hasn't enough, so he charges money to bring some things into the country."

"That's like taxes, only different," explained Alice.

"Well, what does that man think we've got we shouldn't have?" asked Mary Jane.

"Oh, diamonds, maybe," laughed Mr. Merrill, "there's a big tax on diamonds and it doesn't hurt us any because if folks have diamonds we think they might as well pay some money to help run the government. But I wouldn't puzzle my head about it if I were you," added her father, "because many older and wiser heads don't understand it any more than you do now. Instead

of understanding, watch this man and see what he does."

So Mary Jane climbed up in the seat and looked back toward the other end of the car to see what was going on.

The inspector came back and this time he stopped at every passenger and talked to them then wrote on a paper. Next he looked at their luggage and opened it and either took things out or slipped his hand down the side, then promptly shut the bag without taking things out.

Now it just happened that Mary Jane had packed her bag with great care and she didn't like the idea of having it all mussed up by a man who appeared to know so little about packing as that man did. So while everyone was interested in his or her own affairs Mary Jane slipped her handbag between herself and the window, sat up tight against it and put her coat over so it wouldn't show. Pretty soon the inspector came to them.

He asked Mr. Merrill the usual questions and wrote down answers. He looked in the various pieces of luggage and mussed each one up a little bit the way he seemed to think he should. Then he said, "Is that all?" Mr. Merrill, forgetting about Mary Jane's little personal handbag, said, "Yes." So he went on.

That would have been all right if Mary Jane had kept still—but she didn't.

No more was the man's back turned than she sighed in a relieved way and said, "Well, Daddah, he didn't see it!"

"What's that?" said the inspector turning back, "I thought you said that was all?"

"I did—and it is," said Mr. Merrill, looking at Mary Jane in surprise.

"This young lady doesn't seem to think so," he retorted, and without further words, he turned back and unpacked every single thing in Mr. Merrill's bag and Mrs. Merrill's bag and Alice's. But in spite of all the disorder and the inter-

ested glances of the passengers, he didn't seem satisfied. Mary Jane sat as still as still could be so no one thought of the bag snuggled between her and the window.

"Well, young lady," said the inspector finally, "I hate to make you tell on your father, but where has he got the stuff?"

Mary Jane looked at him in amazement.

"Daddah hasn't anything but what you've put all over the seats," she answered.

"Then what was it I didn't see?" he replied.

Then it was Mary Jane's turn to seem dissatisfied. To think that after she had saved her bag from being mussed, it should be found after all, all because she had bragged! It was too provoking.

"I can't imagine what you mean, Mary Jane," said Mr. Merrill, "but you'd better tell us before this misunderstanding goes any further."

Mary Jane thought so, too, so she slipped back her coat, moved over from the window and said,

"I was talking about my bag. I saw how he mussed everything up and I did not want him to spoil my packing, when everything was so neat, so I just slipped it here and sat on it."

Even before she had finished talking the passengers began to laugh and by the time she had finished the car was in a gale of laughter. Even the inspector joined in for he could see the joke on himself.

He looked at the little bag, asked Mary Jane to open it so he could see for himself the very tidy contents, then he shut it up and said, "I see if I am to do a good job, I must be a better packer. Well, young lady, I'm afraid I made a mess of your folks' things, here, but maybe you will help them straighten up." Which Mary Jane promptly did, while everyone looked on and smiled and talked in a very friendly fashion.

"That was all very well for a joke, Mary Jane," explained her father later, "but next time, when Uncle Sam, or anybody working for him,

wants to see what you have, you just show him, first thing. A little mussed up luggage doesn't matter much and your country has good reasons for inspecting or it wouldn't do it—don't forget that."

Mary Jane promised she wouldn't. Indeed, she wouldn't forget many things she had learned lately; the nice feeling the sight of her own flag gave her, the strangeness of two languages and the comfortable feeling it was to come back, even from a nice country like Canada, to her own country.

DOWN THE HUDSON

BY the time Mary Jane's train arrived in Plattsburg, New York, and she had changed to a boat lying at dock there, she was quite ready to go to bed for it was long after ten. Without her nap of the afternoon she would have been still more tired, for even as it was, she didn't care anything about exploring the boat, but went straight to her berth and to sleep.

In the morning when she and her father went on deck, the boat was ready to start its trip down Lake Champlain. The captain stood on the top deck and gave the order to "cast off!" The bell rang once, twice, and they were off. This time their sail was in the United States and on a lake, but for all Mary Jane could see the water looked like a river, for she could see both sides, only to be sure the sides were a little

farther apart than the banks of the St. Lawrence.

"Good morning!"

Mary Jane looked up and there was the captain, tipping his cap to her and smiling as nice as you please.

"Good morning!" she cried, and smiled back.

"Such early risers ought to have good places from which to see the sights," said the captain. "Want to come up on my deck?"

Want to? The very idea. Of course she wanted to! What little girl doesn't like to ride on the captain's deck? She climbed up the ladder that was in place of a stairway and sat down on the bench in front of the pilot house, while Mr. Merrill and the captain talked together.

From there, she could see the deck below where she had been standing, much better than when she had been on it herself. And she saw that in the very front, behind piles of ropes heaped there, was a cosy little corner just perfect for playing house. Now if only there was a

little girl on board who liked to play house. Of course, Alice played, but she didn't always like house-playing and Mary Jane always did.

At that very minute a little girl came out on deck. She was about as big as Mary Jane only her hair was yellow instead of brown like Mary Jane's and she had on blue socks and ribbons instead of pink. She was with her father, too, wasn't that funny?

She looked up at Mary Jane and Mary Jane looked down at her and they both smiled as though they would like to play together.

"May I go down and play with that little girl?" Mary Jane asked her father.

"Let's get breakfast first," suggested Mr. Merrill. "Thank you, captain," he said, turning to the officer, "we may call on you again but we must get breakfast now."

As they went into the dining room, Mary Jane noticed that the new little girl and her father followed them and first thing she knew

all four were sitting down together at a big table where the head waiter placed them and were eating strawberries and cream and oatmeal as though they were old friends. While the fathers talked business as men always do, the little girls smiled at each other and then pretty soon began to talk, too. Mary Jane told Helen—that was the little girl's name she discovered—about the play house on the deck and as soon as breakfast was over they went out there and started playing.

It was lots of fun. You see, the ropes could be pushed so that they were walls and the spaces between were the doors. And the great big iron post that the ropes were fastened around was the automobile out in front of the house.

But where were the families? Mary Jane and Helen were only two people and as everyone knows, it takes more than two to make a good family.

"We'll make newspaper dolls," said Helen, "mother always let's me have those on a train

and we can have 'em on a boat just as well."

Of course, Mary Jane didn't know what newspaper dolls were, but she wanted to learn so she followed Helen around while she begged some papers from her father and the head waiter. Finally she had four.

"That's enough," she decided, "you may have two children and I'll have two. Now let's make them."

She sat down on the deck and folded one paper lengthwise, just as a newsboy folds a paper he is going to throw. Then, about two inches from the top, she made a hard twist and about five inches lower, another hard twist.

"There now," she said, pointing to the top part, "that part above the first twist is her head; and the next part is her body, and the lower part is the rest of her. When we get the others fixed, we'll go to the writing room and mark eyes and nose and mouth and then you can tell plainer that they're dolls."

Mary Jane watched, fascinated, while Helen

twisted all four papers. Then she took two and Helen took two and they went to the writing room. Fortunately, it was deserted, so each girl took a desk and began face making. Mary Jane made one child have red hair—it was too bad to waste a bottle of red ink that stood there and of course she couldn't make red eyes, or nose.

Alice came hunting them after a while; she and Mrs. Merrill had slept late and had only then finished breakfast. She thought the doll making great fun and promised to be a lady come to visit when the dolls were finished and the girls actually began playing house.

"Time to change boats," called Mr. Merrill, just as the girls were gathering up dolls and tidying the desks ready to go on deck.

"Time to—why, Daddah!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "I thought we rode all day."

"We do, almost," replied Mr. Merrill, "but not on this boat. We get off here, ride on a train

for a few minutes, and then take another boat to go down Lake George."

"Well, but what shall we do about the family?" asked Helen, in distress.

"I always take mine along when I go traveling," answered Mr. Merrill. "Perhaps if I carry Mary Jane's bag and your father takes charge of yours, you two can take your families and then on the next boat can go on living."

It seemed as though there couldn't be as nice a play house on the next boat as on this but there was nothing else to do and so the two girls gathered the dolls in their arms (fortunately by now the ink was dry), followed their fathers off the boat and onto the waiting train.

But, indeed, they should not have worried, for on the new boat there was a fine place for playing house and there, as soon as they had eaten dinner, the play went on.

From time to time, Mary Jane stopped to look at mountains or hotels or camps, but after-

wards all she could remember about Lake George was one very slick looking mountain all made of smooth red stone, a camp where many jolly looking girls came down to the boat for mail—and a great *deal* of fun playing dolls in the play house up by the prow of the boat.

In the late afternoon the boat stopped at the end of the lake and everyone got off and boarded the waiting train that was to take them to Albany where they spent the night.

The next morning a little after eight o'clock the Merrills got on the "Washington Irving," the boat that was to take them down the Hudson to New York City. After being on so many boats, Mary Jane was sure she knew all about them, but she soon found she was mistaken. The "Washington Irving" was different from any she had seen. In the first place, it was bigger, and in the second, it had different kinds of staterooms. Instead of bedrooms the staterooms were cunning little living rooms with chairs and a couch and from each little living room a door

opened onto a private deck which Mary Jane insisted on calling her "porch," in a most unseaman-like fashion.

Mr. Merrill had engaged a stateroom by wire and what was the delight of the girls when the cabinboy showed them this dainty little room, so comfortable and cosy, and also so convenient with their private deck. They settled themselves in comfort, away from the crowd on board, and Mary Jane carried out a chair, a nice little one, just right for a girl about her size, and sat on the deck.

Later in the morning Mr. Merrill took both girls over the great boat; they bought postal cards and souvenirs and had much fun, but all the same they liked best to get back to their own little room and private deck. Sightseeing is fun but after several days playing dolls on a comfortable deck is fun, too, and Mary Jane didn't intend to lose a minute of the pleasure.

Late in the afternoon, the girls washed at the cunning little wash stand that was shut up in a

cupboard that looked like a desk; they put on fresh dresses and packed away their dolls and then Mr. Merrill took them up on the big front deck so they could see the great city of New York as they approached down the Hudson.

Mary Jane, used as she was to the big buildings in Chicago, was surprised when she saw the high Woolworth building. It seemed so awfully tall.

"Can folks go up that high?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Merrill, "and you shall go up there some day, too, dear. But not this trip, for you know we go on home to-night. New York will have to wait for another visit, I guess."

As the "Washington Irving" approached the dock where the Merrills meant to get off, Mr. Merrill looked at his watch.

"An hour and a half till our train for Chicago starts," he said. "What would you, most of all, like to do, ladies?"

"I'd rather see Central Park," said Alice.

"I'd rather ride in a bus," said Mrs. Merrill.

"I'd—well, I don't know what I'd rather do," said Mary Jane.

"I expect you'd rather eat, Pussy," laughed Mr. Merrill. "But don't you worry, in an hour and a half you'll be in the dining car on the train headed for Chicago and then you can eat all you like. But now, we'll please Alice and your mother both by taking a bus along the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park."

They had to take bags right with them for there wasn't time to check them any place. Fortunately they got a front seat, Mary Jane and her father on one side and Alice and her mother on the other. They rode for half an hour; up past Central Park and the girls could see a thousand things interesting to look at and admire.

When the watch said they had gone half an hour, they got off that bus and took another one, going back. It would not do to miss the train, you know.

"Next time we come east," said Mr. Merrill, as the girls talked about how much they would like to see New York, "we shall visit Washington and Philadelphia and New York—you'll love that. But now you've had enough sightseeing for one summer so it's just as well to go home and save the rest for another trip."

When Mary Jane came from the diner a couple of hours later, Alice said, "I'll tell you what let's do while the porter makes up our berths. Let's write a list of all the things we want to tell Frances and Betty we have seen. I don't want to forget anything and you don't, either."

The girls got out the little notebooks grandmother had sent them for this very purpose and set to work.

First they wrote down Detroit—and the dinner on Belle Island; then the ferry, and Toronto and meeting Doris.

"Ripples—remember how he fell overboard?"

laughed Alice, as she wrote. "We mustn't forget that."

"But we can't put it all down!" exclaimed Mary Jane, in dismay, as she thought of all the things she had seen and learned.

"I'm going to," said Alice, positively, and when Mary Jane went to bed half an hour later she was still at it, hard.

"I'll tell you what you shall do," suggested Mrs. Merrill. "Writing it all down is slow business for a little girl as big as you. Instead, we'll have Betty come out to the country and stay a whole day or maybe two. Then you will have time to remember all you want to tell her—won't that be a good plan?"

Mary Jane thought it certainly was.

"And it'll be fun to stay in one place, won't it, mother?" she said, happily. "I wonder how the garden is, and if the lettuce is up?"

She dropped off to sleep wondering, and all the time she was dreaming of her dear home in the country, the great engine was pulling that

train of cars fast, very fast through the night, toward Chicago and the home Mary Jane loved so well.

If you want to know what happened the rest of the summer, you must read about it in the next book,

MARY JANE'S SUMMER FUN.

THE END

THE MARY JANE SERIES

By Clara Ingram Judson

Cloth, 12 mo. Illustrated

MARY JANE is the typical American little girl who bubbles over with fun and the good things in life. We meet her here on a visit to her grandfather's farm where she becomes acquainted with farm life and farm animals and thoroughly enjoys the experience. We next see her going to kindergarten and then on a visit to Florida, and then—but read the stories for yourselves.

Exquisitely and charmingly written are these books which every little girl from five to nine years old will want from the first book to the last.

1. MARY JANE—HER BOOK.
2. MARY JANE—HER VISIT.
3. MARY JANE'S KINDERGARTEN.
4. MARY JANE DOWN SOUTH.
5. MARY JANE'S CITY HOME.
6. MARY JANE IN NEW ENGLAND.
7. MARY JANE'S COUNTRY HOME.
8. MARY JANE AT SCHOOL.
9. MARY JANE IN CANADA.
10. MARY JANE'S SUMMER FUN.
11. MARY JANE'S WINTER SPORTS.
12. MARY JANE'S VACATION.

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Elizabeth Ann Series

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

For Girls from 7 to 12

Elizabeth Ann is a little girl whom we first meet on a big train, travelling all alone. Her father and mother have sailed for Japan, and she is sent back East to visit at first one relative's home, and then another. Of course, she meets many new friends, some of whom she is quite happy with, while others—but you must read the stories for yourself. Every other girl who reads the first of these charming books will want all the rest; for Elizabeth Ann is certainly worth the cultivating.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH ANN

ELIZABETH ANN AT MAPLE SPRING

ELIZABETH ANN'S SIX COUSINS

ELIZABETH ANN and DORIS.

ELIZABETH ANN'S BORROWED GRANDMA.

ELIZABETH ANN'S SPRING VACATION

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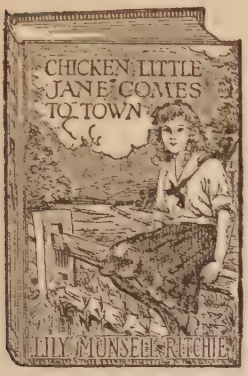
CHICKEN LITTLE JANE SERIES

By LILY MUNSELL RITCHIE



Chicken Little Jane is a Western prairie girl who lives a happy, outdoor life in a country where there is plenty of room to turn around. She is a wide-awake, resourceful girl who will instantly win her way into the hearts of other girls. And what good times she has!—with her pets, her friends, and her many interests. "Chicken Little" is the affectionate nickname given to her when she is very, very good, but when she misbehaves it is "Jane"—just Jane!

Adventures of Chicken Little Jane
Chicken Little Jane on the "Big John"
Chicken Little Jane Comes to Town
Chicken Little Jane in the Rockies

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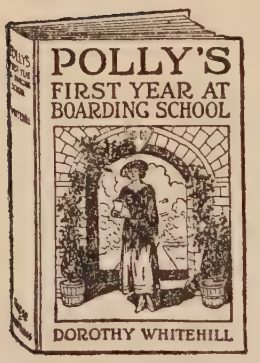
THE "POLLY" SERIES

By DOROTHY WHITEHILL



Polly Pendleton is a resouceful, wide-awake American girl who goes to a boarding school on the Hudson River some miles above New York. By her pluck and resourcefulness, she soon makes a place for herself and this she holds right through the course. The account of boarding school life is faithful and pleasing and will attract every girl in her teens.

Cloth, large 12 mo. Illustrated

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2 POLLY'S SUMMER VACATION
3 POLLY'S SENIOR YEAR AT BOARDING SCHOOL
4 POLLY SEES THE WORLD AT WAR
5 POLLY AND LOIS
6 POLLY AND BOB
7 POLLY'S REUNION
8 POLLY'S POLLY
9 POLLY AT PIXIES' HAUNT
10 POLLY'S HOUSE PARTY

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THE "TWINS" SERIES

By Dorothy Whitehill

Cloth, 12 mo. Illustrated.

HERE is a sparkling new series of stories for girls —just what they will like, and ask for more of the same kind. It is all about twin sisters, who for the first few years in their lives grow up in ignorance of each other's existence. Then they are at last brought together and things begin to happen. Janet is an independent go-ahead sort of girl; while her sister Phyllis is—but meet the twins for yourself and be entertained.

1. JANET, A TWIN.
2. PHYLLIS, A TWIN.
3. THE TWINS IN THE WEST.
4. THE TWINS IN THE SOUTH.
5. THE TWINS' SUMMER VACATION.
6. THE TWINS AND TOMMY JR.
7. THE TWINS AT HOME.
8. THE TWINS' WEDDING.
9. THE TWINS ADVENTURING.

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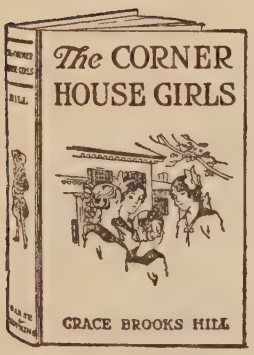
CHARMING STORIES FOR GIRLS

The Corner House Girls Series

By GRACE BROOKS HILL



Four girls from eight to fourteen years of age receive word that a rich bachelor uncle has died, leaving them the old Corner House he occupied. They move into it and then the fun begins. What they find and do will provoke many a hearty laugh. Later, they enter school and make many friends. One of these invites the girls to spend a few weeks at a bungalow owned by her parents, and the adventures they meet with make very interesting reading. Clean, wholesome stories of humor and adventure, sure to appeal to all young girls.

1 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS.
2 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.
3 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.
4 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS IN A PLAY.
5 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS' ODD FIND.
6 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS ON A TOUR.
7 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS GROWING UP.
8 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS SNOWBOUND.
9 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS ON A HOUSEBOAT.
10 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS AMONG THE GYPSIES.
11 CORNER HOUSE GIRLS ON PALM ISLAND.
12 THE CORNER HOUSE GIRLS SOLVE A MYSTERY.
13 THE CORNER HOUSE GIRLS FACING THE WORLD.

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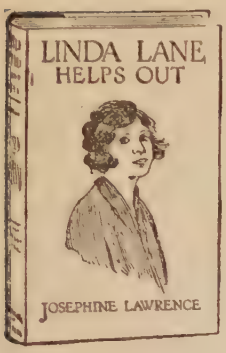
LINDA LANE SERIES

By Josephine Lawrence

For Girls from 12 to 15

CLOTH LARGE 12 MO. ILLUSTRATED



"The trouble with Linda Lane," said Mrs. Quincy, "was that she 'couldn't get along with folks.'" As everyone knows, a girl needs friends to lover her and believe in her. It isn't to be wondered at that Linda wasn't happy. Then little Miss Gilly came to the rooms of the Society, the only home Linda knew, and took the girl home with her. A new life begins for Linda, and she finds, to her surprise and delight, how to get along with people, how to make friends, and slowly and surely how to be happy.

Linda admires independence above all other traits of character. She has plenty of that quality herself and she is the kind of girl who not only cheerfully fights her own battles, but those of the weaker who cannot defend themselves. She is "bossy," lovable, impatient and loyal, a born manager, whose plans invariably work out to satisfactory conclusions, and Linda has a definite plan which gradually unfolds in these books written about her—the sort of plan only a girl without a home and parents of her own could think of and carry to completion. Linda Lane knows what she wants and she is willing to work and trust to her own efforts to make her wishes come true.

1. LINDA LANE.
2. LINDA LANE HELPS OUT.
3. LINDA LANE'S PLAN.
4. LINDA LANE EXPERIMENTS.

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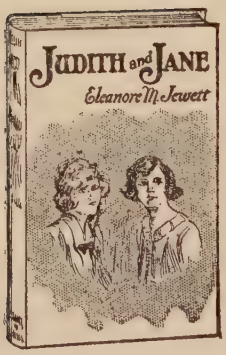
JUDITH AND JANE

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

Author of "Wonder Tales from Tibet" and "Egyptian Tales of Magic"

CLOTH LARGE 12 MO. ILLUSTRATED



This is the story of two very different girls who became friends. They began by being anything but friendly and Jane who was "new" found life in school rather unpleasant. Then came the play and the mystery of the flowers and things cleared up a bit, only to grow darker with the affair of Alys' book. Strange that Judy, who apparently had so much to make her happy, should be envious of Jane, who had so little! Judy, however, was not so happy as might have been expected. As for Jane, troubles came her way thick and fast, and with the accident as a dreadful climax to the misunderstanding in school, it seemed as if there was nothing left for her to cling to. But Jane found that trouble, met by a brave heart, wins friends, and friends mean more than anything else.

All sorts of wonderful things happened after Judith and Jane became friends. And then the thrilling adventure that might have ended so tragically! It was a friend again who saved the day; a stranger, a borrowed nickel and—but that would be telling the tale.

"Judith and Jane," to repeat, is a story of friendship, adventures, mischief, happy play and a surprising ending, all these things, but underneath and through them all is the story of how Judith and Jane became friends and what came of it.

The book contains four colored illustrations, is handsomely bound in special cloth, with headbands. Wrapper in three colors.

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GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN

(From four to nine years old)

THE KNEETIME ANIMAL STORIES

By RICHARD BARNUM

In all nursery literature animals have played a conspicuous part; and the reason is obvious, for nothing entertains a child more than the antics of an animal. These stories abound in amusing incidents such as children adore, and the characters are so full of life, so appealing to a child's imagination, that none will be satisfied until they have met all of their favorites—Squinty, Slicko, Mappo, and the rest.

1 Squinty, the Comical Pig.
2 Slicko, the Jumping Squirrel.
3 Mappo, the Merry Monkey.
4 Tum Tum, the Jolly Elephant.
5 Don, a Runaway Dog.
6 Dido, the Dancing Bear.
7 Blackie, a Lost Cat.
8 Flop Ear, the Funny Rabbit.
9 Tinkle, the Trick Pony.
10 Lightfoot, the Leaping Goat.
11 Chunky, the Happy Hippo.
12 Sharp Eyes, the Silver Fox.
13 Nero, the Circus Lion.
14 Tamba, the Tame Tiger.
15 Toto, the Rustling Beaver.
16 Shaggo, the Mighty Buffalo.
17 Winkie, the Wily Woodchuck.

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